THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL'S SARCASM.

He Tears John Dillon's Motives all to Pieces at a Great Meeting in the Historic Town of Kells.

The Orator Advises the Melancholy Man to Practice What He Preaches in Regard to the Evicted Tenants and "the Plan."

On Sunday fortnight Mr. Parnell attended and spoke at a monster Nationalist demonstration held at Kells, county Meath. The chair was occupied by Mr. Farrell Tulley, chairman Kells town commissioners, who opened the meeting in a spirited speech. Mr. Collins, secretary of the Kells National League, proposed, and Mr. Joseph Killeen seconded, a series of resolutions pledging the support of the meeting to Mr. Parnell, and calling on the entire Irish party to support the cause of amnesty for political prisoners.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with prolonged cheers, said:

"You have had recently important declarations from two important men, Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. I am glad they had the opportunity of making these declarations, because it gives me, for the first time since the crisis commenced, something to answer. You see nobody could turn aside to answer Mr. Timothy Healy (great groaning), and it is well known that if there is no argument on the other side you have no pegs on which to hang your own (laughter); and now we have these two pegs, Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, and the only thing that I regret is that instead of waiting to give this eloquent, grave and weighty advice to the country until they came out of prison, they did not give it before they went into prison six months ago (cheers). For there is nothing in the world has happened since to make it more desirable or more necessary from their point of view, that they should give this advice today than there was six months ago (hear, hear). In fact if it was their duty to speak today, it was ten thousand times more their duty to speak six months ago. Well, they have brought accusations against me. Where these accusations are not false they are ridiculous (cheers). They tell you that my purpose is to drive Mr. Gladstone from public life. Until those speeches in Mallow and in Dublin, during the past week, the rest of the world were under the impression that Mr. Gladstone was trying to drive me from public life (hear, hear). And it was left to Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, after six months' reflection, to make this wonderful discovery (laughter). I am trying to break up the Liberal party, they say. My impression has been that it is the Liberal party who have been trying, and who not only have been trying, but who have succeeded in breaking up and destroying the Irish party (cheers). Then I am supporting Mr. Balfour (laughter). I am going about the country praising the measures of Mr. Balfour. I have supported anything that is good that has come from Mr. Balfour (cheers). I have opposed, and strongly opposed, his evil and his cruel deeds (cheers). I have taken from Balfour the coercionist as I took from

GLADSTONE THE COERCIONIST,

everything that they had to offer that was good for Ireland; and I am not going to be intimidated into refusing to accept a good measure from Balfour because he is a coercionist, any more than I allowed myself to be intimidated in 1881 from accepting from Mr. Gladstone the Land Act of 1881 because he was a coercionist (cheers). Now, we have heard the reasons for the sending of the cable message to the Leinster hall meeting from America, supporting my leadership, and certainly they are the most original and contradictory set of reasons given by any mortal man in an attempt to explain his action. Mr. Dillon says he sent the cable in support of my leadership, not because he thought I ought continue to be leader, but because he thought I ought not continue to be leader (laughter). I think it would have been a great deal better if Mr. Dillon had done one of two things—either he should have said what he meant at the commencement, or he should have said nothing at all (hear, hear). There is an old saying that speech is given to men to conceal their thoughts. Mr. Dillon must have had that old saying in his mind when he sent that cable from America. He says he advised me not to retire because he thought I would retire (laughter); and I suppose today he is advising me to retire because he thinks I won't retire (loud laughter). Well, then, he says I behaved very badly to the leaders of the Liberal party after the verdict. He says I deliberately cut off communications between the Liberal leader and myself after the verdict, and that I withdrew myself into unapproachable solitudes. Well, I didn't withdraw myself anywhere. I stopped in the same place where I was before the verdict. I remained in the same place. Mr. Morley came to see me nine days before the verdict, and where he knew he could find me for the nine days after the verdict which elapsed before the meeting of the party (cheers). And this verdict was not such a thunderclap to the Liberal leaders as they seek to make out, because in my interview with Mr. Morley, nine days before the verdict, he left me knowing perfectly well that the verdict would go against me. In fact, he knew it before he came to that interview at all, and Mr. Morley's great anxiety expressed to me, was that I should not retire from my position in public life no matter what happened at the trial (loud cheers). These are then

THE POOR INNOCENT ENGLISH LIBERALS

whom I deceived and kept in the dark, and from whom I withdrew myself into unapproachable solitudes (laughter.) Mr. Gladstone then had not only nine days after the verdict, but nine days before the verdict, to make up his mind about the situation. And he did not make up his mind. There is no question whatever in my judgment that Mr. Gladstone did make up his mind that I should not retire until he was kicked into taking up a different attitude by the Nonconformist conscience. (Cheers). Then I am also accused of having led the Irish party into what? A rat trap (laughter). I think that Mr. Dillon might have spared his forty-four followers of No. 15 Committee Room the application of that suggestive word, rat. (Loud cheers and laughter). I led these poor, according to Mr. Dillon, these poor forty-four innocent and confiding rats into a rat trap. (Laughter and cheering.) I brought them into that room with a piece of toasted cheese (laughter), and I got myself elected their chairman under false pretenses, because I did not tell them that Mr. Gladstone thought I ought to retire. But how could I tell them that when I didn't know it? I did not know that Mr. Gladstone thought I should retire. Who did know it? Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Sexton knew it. Mr. McCarthy had the letter in his pocket from Mr. Gladstone when I was unanimously re-elected in Mr. McCarthy's presence, and if there is anybody to blame for opening the door of the rat trap and catching them all in it, it is their own leader, Mr. Justin McCarthy. He was the one to whom Mr. Gladstone communicated his views. He had those views and he kept them to himself (cheers.)

Now I come to the question of the evicted tenants. I wish to say this, in starting to discuss this subject, I regret very much that our opponents have made this a partisan question and a subject of public discussion (hear, hear). I was very anxious from the beginning to have conducted these negotiations about

THE EVICTED TENANTS

in private, so that their position might not be disclosed to their enemies the landlords. The people who published the extent of our resources in Paris, and who published the extent of our obligations and liabilities in respect to the evicted tenants, were the seceders. (Cries of "Down with them.") They published how much money was left, and they also published the extent of our obligations, and they enabled every landlord throughout the country of the meanest comprehension to calculate to within a day how long those resources would hold out. I am sorry that Mr. Dillon since he came out of prison has followed that evil example He has taken the bodies of these helpless creatures and he has used them as a weapon to hurl at my head (hear, hear), and if they lose by the public discussion of this question, and if their prospects in the future are darkened and clouded, the responsibility must rest upon the men who made this subject a partisan question and who have rushed into a public discussion of its merits. (Hear, hear). Mr. Dillon said he was going to write a letter to me about it. No such letter has come to me. I don't believe any such letter was written. Mr. Dillon has taken the first opportunity of making what he calls his proposals in public. Now, I have to say that when Mr. Dillon advises the evicted tenants to look for safety to two events—first, to the return of the Liberal party to power; and, secondly to the existence of the Paris funds—he advises them to look for safety to two safeguards which are both, as I will show you, absolutely illusive. First, as to the return of the Liberals to power, this was the argument that was used in Committee Room No. 15, and that has been used all along. The evicted tenants were told that unless they obeyed Gladstone the Liberals would not get back to power, and that if the Liberals came back to power they would be restored to their holdings. Now, I am bound to show you that so far from the Liberals being in the position of putting back the evicted tenants into their holdings, that that in deed is the very thing they will not be able to do. They will not even be able to refrain from creating fresh evicted tenants. And why? Mr. Dillon knows perfectly well

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SPRING OF 1886

When Mr. Gladstone came into power and produced his Home Rule bill evictions commenced throughout the country. Complaints reached us in London that evictions were taking place; that large bodies of constabulary were being used by the Liberal Home Rule government for the purpose of evicting Irish tenants; and it was said by these tenants: "What use will Home Rule be to us when we are all evicted? Can't you do something to stop these evictions?" Well, Mr. Dillon and I went to Mr. Morley and asked him to stop these evictions, or to render them more difficult. We asked him to refuse the use of the constabulary for carrying out these evictions. Mr. Morley replied that he had consulted the law officers of the crown, and that they had advised him that in the carrying out of evictions he was bound to give the use of the constabulary when applied for (groans); but as a concession—and it was the only concession he could give us—he said: "I shall make a rule requiring that where application is made for the police for eviction duty there shall be an interval of fourteen days before the police are granted." (Groans.) That was all we could get from him then. That was the law. I tell you it will be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for Mr Gladstone or Mr. Morley to restore any single evicted tenant to his holding. (Cheers). Mr. Dillon knows this well, and it is shameful for him to seek to continue a hopeless struggle at New Tipperary and other estates; to condemn men, their wives and families, to lose everything they possessed, to lose their homes and their futures merely for the purpose of obtaining an additional weapon against me in this struggle. It is my duty to declare, as I do today, to the evicted tenants of New Tipperary that those who desire to settle should be allowed to settle (cheers), and I am not going to be deterred, as I said a while ago, from saying what I think is right—right in the interest of the people, right in the interest of the evicted tenants themselves merely because Mr. Dillon may be able to make some kind of a handle of it against me. (Cheers).

I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MY OWN WORDS,

and I have never been afraid of that responsibility. At no time for the last sixteen years, while I have been leader, have I been afraid of that responsibility. If I had sent cables to my colleagues from America saying one thing and meaning another, because I was afraid, forsooth, of the responsibility, I don't think that the Irish people would have made me their leader and kept me at their head for sixteen years. (Cheers). Mr. Dillon says that the New Tipperary shopkeepers must remain out of their homes still—that their properties must be scattered and their business ruined. Why doesn't he practise what he preaches? (Cheers). The Tipperary shopkeepers, who have spent the savings of their lives in getting a little business together and in building their shops and their houses, must give up these properties—must allow their houses, goods, and furniture to be sold without redemption because Mr. Dillon orders them to do so (groans). But when Mr. Dillon got into a liability a few months ago in respect to the surety which he gave to the crown for £1,000, that he would attend to take his trial, and when the crown threatened to seize his house and sell his furniture in Dublin in order to release that security, Mr. Dillon's solicitor came to me and asked me to sell £1 000 of the Paris funds in order to save Mr. Dillon's house and furniture from seizure (loud groans and cries of "Oh, oh"). My views about the Plan of Campaign are well known. They were well known to Mr. Dillon and my colleagues when it was started. It was well known that after the break down of the no rent manifesto, when we were endeavoring to secure the retreat of the evicted tenants throughout Ireland, and those who were threatened with eviction, many thousands of them, I said I would never ask any tenant to do anything that I was not ready to do along with him (cheers), and it was very well known that I had resolved then that I would never ask any tenant again to go out of his holding, to give up his farm and homestead, and have his wife and children cast out into the ditch. I had come to the conclusion that in order to quality myself to give advice, I must place myself in the position of the evicted tenant, and not being able to do that

IT WAS NOT FOR ME TO DICTATE

to these poor men that their duty compelled them to take a course that I could not be called upon, under any circumstances, to take myself. I had many other reasons, also, for believing that I could win this great battle of self government for Ireland without calling upon any more humble Irish tenants to offer themselves up as victims (cheers). When Mr. Dillon started this Plan of Campaign movement I was lying on a sick bed, and unable to raise my hand or my head. As soon as I recovered I decided that it was my duty to put a stop to that movement. I was about to take action when the government struck at Mr. Dillon. They took proceedings against him under an old statute, and I felt that I could not with any sort of chivalry raise any opposition to Mr. Dillon at the time when the government was striking and attacking him on the other side. So I held my peace publicly, and I am here to admit today, in all humbleness and humility, that it was one of the political mistakes which I have made. I ought to have had more strength of mind and more courage, and should not have been afraid to tackle Mr. Dillon, even though he was tackled by the government on the other hand at the same time I have explained the motives which influenced me. They were not sound motives or sound reasons, although they were motives of chivalry towards a comrade. But I took private action, I sent for Mr. O'Brien and told him I thought the movement should never have been commenced and the sooner it was stopped the better, and he promised me and told me that there were ten estates to which it had extended, and that he would limit it to those estates. That promise was not kept, and I say now that owing to the split which has come, owing to the surrender of their independence by many members of the Irish party, the future of the evicted tenants is imperilled, and that the responsibility and blame for their fate and condition is sought to be attached to me (cries of "Never.")

He implies that there is enough money in Paris for the purpose of supporting the Plan of Campaign tenants until the Liberals come into power, and when accordingly they will restore them to their holdings Now I have to say again, and I regret to have to say in public there is not enough money in Paris, after prior obligations are discharged, to support one single Plan of Campaign estate until the Liberals come into power.

After referring at some length to the Paris fund Mr. Parnell concluded his speech as follows: I have gone over this important question of the evicted tenants at great length, because I feel it is necessary that they should absolutely know the position of the facts connected with this matter. In the first place I think the evicted tenants, where they get reasonable settlements should be allowed to take them; in the second place, I think that the provisions of the recent Land Purchase act, however insufficient, as they undoubtedly are, should be availed of for the purpose of the reinstatement of these evicted tenants so far as they will reach; in the third place, I have shown my own responsibility for the evictions of the Plan of Campaign tenants; and I have shown that there are great and heavy liabilities on the Paris fund, entirely apart from the question of the evicted tenants, which will absorb at least one half of that fund; and lastly, I say it is a matter of duty and necessity that the future of the Land League tenants shall be secured out of the Paris money before the future of the Plan of Campaign tenants is attended to (cheers). These, I believe are sound principles, and I don't see my way to depart from them.

I AM GLAD TO BE FREE OF THIS ENGLISH ALLIANCE—

free af the air of my own Wicklow mountains. The responsibility—a heavy one—has been cast upon my shoulders I will not re-assume it. I am glad to be by the side of the freemen and liberty-loving men of Ireland, and I know that those men, whether they are few or many in number, and I know that they are many, will stand shoulder to shoulder, will refuse to surrender their independence to an English political party, will decline to go under the other yoke in Ireland, until they are satisfied that the future of Ireland is safe, and that they can safely give up the constitutional weapons which they have now firmly grasped in their brave, stalwart hands (loud cheers). I look to the future with cheerfulness. I don't care whether I win or lose, for the simple reason that I stand to win in any case. Supposing Mr. Gladstone gives us all these good things that Mr. Dillon says will be given to us, that will be a win for us. We shall then have a free country, and we shall be able to keep her free (cheers), and I would rather that that happened than anything else. But supposing that it does not happen, why we shall be here still—everyone of us prepared to fight over again as long as may be necessary against any and every government who oppose the principle and the assertion of the right of Irish independence and freedom and prosperity (loud cheers).

THE BANSHEE'S WAIL.

Miss Banim Gives an Example of Its Peculiar Power Along the Banks of Lough Ree.

How a Young Man's Body Was Recovered From the Lake After Many Days, by Supernatural Guidance.

Some years ago a young gentleman from county Roscommon spent a day up in Inis Clerain, and, towards evening, put out in his boat, with a companion, for the mainland. One of the sudden squalls, so frequent in the Lough, came on; the men lost control of their boat, which was overturned, and, though one of its occupants managed to reach the land, the younger sank and was drowned. For days the lake was dragged for the body, but no sign of it could be found. About ten days after the sad occurrence Mrs. Farrell was in the field beside the Clogas church, busy milking her cows, when, among the trees shading the ditch, she suddenly heard what she describes as "the sough" (a sobbing, mournful sigh) of a voice, which seemed to move, wailing as it went, all along by the ditch from Grianan Maeve down to the very water's edge; here, at the beautiful little bank, the voice rested—as if its owner were standing still—bewailing.

The listener was terribly frightened, and, hurrying home, told what she had heard. Her husband and another man crossed to the place where she declared the voice she had heard had paused, and at that very spot they found the body of the unfortunate youth who had been drowned. It had just been carried ashore.

It is certain that it was under these circumstances the body was discovered, and no one who lives upon Inis Cleraun has ever doubted that it was the banshee whose wail was heard as she issued from the old home of Queen Maeve and treaded her way along the stones from the Grianan down to the lake, where sometimes, even in the broad noon, a figure, believed by some to be St. Dermot, is seen to walk over the waters, as if on dry land.

Such are a few of the true histories and fanciful legends connected with this charming island—a pleasant sojourn, even now, for antiquarian or sportsman, who can have snug apartments close to the hallowed Seven Churches. Long, long ago—in the time of Queen Maeve or thereabouts, when there were no gangers—there was good poteen to be found on Inis Cleraun. But that was long ago.

So, from island to island, it is a pleasant sail upon the bosom of the lake. Now viewing the Longford country—now close to the Roscommon bank, the O'Kelly country, as it is called; for the O'Kellys (O'Ceallaidh) were princes of the the long district which stretches from the Shannon at Lanesborough to the county Clare, and westward from Athlone to Athenry in the county Galway—its princes renowned, as the Annalists tell, for their magnificent hospitality. Roscommon itself forms the frontier of Connaught, running sixty miles in length, varying from three to ten miles in width. Many of its people are now very poor, and are obliged to emigrate in numbers each season to England as laborers. A gentleman who has passed his life among "the Callow boys," told me that they are remarkably honest and industrious, and that it is a common thing for them to go back, year after year, some for twenty years, to the same employers in England—a sure proof of their being honest workmen.

Sailing southward again, then turning up, where the lake forks, to the northeast, we come to Saints' Island and to Inis Bofinn—both of which are celebrated in our early ecclesiastical history. Upon Inis Bofinn St Roc, the nephew and librarian of St. Patrick, founded an abbey in the fifth century. There are here remarkable remains of churches of various dates, showing that for many ages it was a favorite dwelling place. The island takes its name from an enchanted white cow which is seen to rise and swim the Lough when a storm in which anyone is to be lost on Lough Ree is coming on. A mile from Inis Bofinn is Saints' Island, also a dwelling place of religious from very early times. It was here in the monastery of which we see the ruins, that Augustine Mac Graiden wrote, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Annals of All Saints, which were among those used in compiling the Annals of the Four Masters. There are many legends preserved of this island also. A very beautiful one relates to a well upon the island. It says that King John destroyed a monastery he found upon All Saints and turned its monks, broken hearted, out upon the wide world and from their quiet home. As they were quitting the island, one of them turned to take a last look, then, kneeling upon the sod, he prayed Almighty God to pardon his enemies. Where he knelt there bubbled forth a clear fountain, and to this day whoever drinks of the well is cured of every evil passion, provided his heart be free at the moment of all malice or desire of revenge towards those who have injured him.

There is also preserved at the monastery church a marble slab which was known to the inhabitants around as a stone of truth, a "cremave." All who were accused of wrong doing were brought to swear upon this stone, and if anyone swore falsely a mark appeared upon him and upon all his relations for seven generations.

So on, by one after another of those "Pearls that the Almighty has sown upon the bosom of the lake," we sail back upon Lough Ree, our eyes and hearts feasted by one of those glorious sunsets that are among its peculiar beauties. First the waters glow, a molten gold, while all the land around seems bathed in yellow light; then, between us and the distant mountains, a veil of purple slowly rises, leaving a shadow-land behind it; near us a glistening mirror—here golden, there violet-red; again, lit by a pale rosy light; everywhere reflecting the sun that grows larger and more brilliant at every instant, until it disappears behind the distant mountains. And then—slowly, gently—the colors soften and fade; the shades deepen, one by one; islands, mountains, the Lake of Kings, are but shadows in the evening twilight, and we have ended our sail upon Lough Ree and our short excursions here and there through Ireland.

These excursions have lasted a good while, and yet they have actually but touched here and there among the countless beauties of our dear land—sufficiently, I hope, to make those of us who love Ireland look around us upon every side. There is not a spot, not a glen, mountain, river, or valley; not a city or village; not even a bohereen, but is full of beauties and of memories sufficient to give study and delight to each one of us for many a day. And the more we open our eyes to this fact and educate ourselves to it, the more contented shall we be in the best of all lands for everyone—HOME.

"Oh! she's a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

"ANNIE DEAR."

Some Account of the Fair Girl to Whom the Noble Irishman, Thomas Davis, Plighted His Love—How Miss Annie Hutton, the Original of the Poet's "Annie Dear," Sickened and Died After Her Lover's Death.

The story of the love of Thomas Davis, Ireland's ever to be lamented poet and patriot, has been gracefully told in a recent number of the *Irish Monthly Magazine:*

It is transcribed from a batch of letters from Davis to John Edward Pigot and others, in which touching reference is made to Annie Hutton, the betrothed of Thomas Davis, and an account of a pilgrimage to her grave behind the Whitworth Hospital in Drumcondra a few years ago. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has since added much to this interesting sketch in his biography of Thomas Davis. The first hint on the subject is taken from a letter of Davis to Pigot. It is dated, oddly enough, "Monday, I think, 15th September, '44." One would imagine that Davis was sure of the day of the week, but not of the day of the month. However, that *I think* seems to have crept in by a blunder, being merely an annotation made in preparing the letters for the printer, when a doubt arose as to what Davis had written "16th." This date is a mistake, for Pigot's answer is dated "September 13." Davis says to him: "You have Hibernicised the Huttons so much that they have borrowed a lot of my collection of Irish airs, and the lady whose name you write so flippantly sings 'The Bonny Cuckoo.' Are you very vain for all this?" But Pigot turns the tables on his correspondent. "You are amusing about the Huttons, but your coquetry is all fair when you can get that graceful wild girl to sing 'Bonny Cuckoo' and 'Annie Dear' for you. 'Tis very pleasant, too, to have collections of music books for such disinterested proselytism." But his patriotism had not improved his chance of professional success; and the uncertainty of his future, now that he had he had another to think of—or wished to have another to think of—was the cause of the bad spirits that he confesses to in writing to David Owen Madden as late as July 31, 1845. "I have been for some time, and am likely to continue for a while, in a state of feverish anxiety on a subject purely personal, and which I hope I may yet be able to talk of to you." Yet it was of this period that Judge O'Hagan writes: "All who remember him during that time can testify to the wonderful change he underwent even in appearance. His form dilated, his eyes got a new fire, his step was firmer, and the look of a proud purpose sat on him." And about this time "Annie Dear" wrote this letter to her betrothed:

"How shall I tell you how happy I was to get your dear dear letter, for which I love you twenty times better than before, for now you are treating me with confidence, not like a child whom it pleases you to play with. Do you know that was (but it is nearly gone) the one fear I had, that you would think of me as a plaything more than as a friend; but I don't think you will since last night. There now, dearest, you have all that is on my mind. I would have told you the last day you were here, only I did not know exactly how to say it, and thought it might be said better in a letter. Why do you say you wish I was oftener kind to you? And why do you think me cold sometimes?—indeed, I don't intend it, love. You say you are lazy—I don't believe it; 'desultory'—I won't believe it; of selfish habits—I can't believe it;—there now, thim's my sintiments as our friend Dr. S. would say. I'll tell you what, you must not write such nice letters to me, because it makes me alightly insane, as you may perceive. Oh! I forgot I intended to begin this with a profound scolding; I am really very angry with you for writing my unworthy name in that beautiful book of 'Melodies.' Indeed, you must not, dearest, be giving me so many books; besides I like better to have them when they are yours.

"I had such a lovely drive all round Howth yesterday, and at the most beautiful part was alone, which I was very sorry for; I like to have some one to enjoy beauty with me, not to talk about it, but just quietly to enjoy. It was very beautiful, Killiney all brilliant in the sunlight, with white sailed boats dancing merrily over the water, and then the Dublin and Wicklow mountains behind frowning blackly, as if jealous that they had no sun, and Bray Head, the Grey Stones and Wicklow Head stretching out farther and still farther away. And there wasn't a sound to be heard—so different from the other busy side of Howth that we had just come from. I had a pleasant companion in the 'German Anthology' (Clarence Mangan's Translations)."

On the 15th of September, in that same year, 1845, Thomas Davis died after a short illness, and was buried in Mount Jerome. Mrs. Hutton hurried her poor child abroad, hoping that foreign travel might make the shock less grievous; so that of her, too, as of the betrothed of Robert Emmet, Moore might have sung:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

She did not survive him long. During the interval one of the alleviations of her bereavement was a task undertaken evidently out of love for his memory and because it was congenial to his spirit—the translation of "The Embassy to Ireland of Rinuccini," the famous papal nuncio of the time of Owen Roe O'Neill. But she had not strength to finish the work, which was completed and published by her mother many years later in a massive octavo. A letter to a friend settles, among other points, the date of this actual engagement:

"In the midst of all my sorrow the thought flashes through me, What pride, what glory to have been the chosen one of such a heart! Oh, if I were to live through an eternity of grief, I would not give up that short month of happiness, that little time of communion with all that was most pure, most holy on earth. * * * I try to think of all he has been spared; no woman's love could have spared him from bitter disappointment; no care of mine could have prevented his glorious spirit being bruised, crushed by the unworthiness of those he had to deal with. * * * No ideal I could form could be brighter, purer than he was. * * * One little short month it was, and yet a whole existence of love, which I pray will purify and raise my whole soul till it be worthy to join that bright one gone before."

Sir Charles Duffy quotes a friend of hers as saying: "She faded away from the hour of his death." She died on the 7th of June, 1853. Her tombstone in St. George's cemetery, behind the Whitworth hospital, adds that she was then 28 years old; and these dates tell us how young she was during that summer month when she was the betrothed of Thomas Davis.

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

While preaching at the afternoon services at St. Canice's cathedral recently, the Rev. Canon Carleton, A. M., suddenly expired in the pulpit. The suddenness of the event caused the most profound sensation among the congregation. It was at first thought that the reverend gentleman had only fainted, but it soon became known that the worst had happened. The deceased gentleman had not been in very good health for some time past, and it was against the advice of his friends that he drove to the cathedral to preach.

A sad drowning accident occurred on Aug. 8, at Lewistown, three miles from Newbridge, by which a young girl, 14 years of age, named Eliza McCann, lost her life. The poor girl had been engaged thinning turnips, and it is supposed she went to a branch of the Grand Canal, which is close by, for the purpose of washing her hands. The same evening her dead body was found floating in the water.

On Aug. 8, an old woman named Finn died suddenly at Mr. Maddock's establishment, Broad street, Waterford. Deceased, who keeps a fish stall on the Quay, had entered Mr. Maddock's establishment and asked to have a cup of tea prepared for her. While the servant was engaged preparing it, the old woman bent forward, rested her head on the table, and died in a few minutes. An inquest was held by Coroner E. N. Power, and the jury returned a verdict of death from heart disease.

An accident having a fatal termination occurred off Scilly, Kinsale harbor, on the afternoon of August 11. Mr. Thomas Twomey, assistant teacher in one of the local schools, went sailing about 3 o'clock, his only companion being an old man named Cooke, to whom the boat belonged. When about a hundred yards off shore the vessel gibed and went slightly over, and Mr. Twomey, fearing she was about to capsize, sprang overboard. He was an excellent swimmer, and at once struck out for the shore, but he had not gone far when, probably overcome by the weight of his wet clothes, he suddenly sank and was seen no more. The harbor was subsequently dragged, but no trace of the body could be found. The boat from which he jumped righted herself, and was brought ashore all right by Cooke.

On Aug. 10, a serious accident happened in Bridge street, Sligo, resulting in serious injuries to a boy named Harte, aged 10 years. While the bus of the Victoria hotel was passing up the street, the boy ran out from the footpath for the purpose of getting on the step of the vehicle. A bread van belonging to Mr. Keighron passed down at the moment, and the the shaft, striking the lad on the breast, knocked him down, and before the van could be stopped the wheel had gone over him. He was taken to the Infirmary where he is progressing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

HUMBERT'S POLITIC WRATH.

A halcyon bright Sunday morning was that on which the little army marched into Ballina, defiled through the main street, and stacked arms on the verdant lawn beside the river. The peaceful sound of the chapel bell hung like a religious spell in the Sabbath air, and obedient to the call the insurgents almost to a man hurried off across the bridge to attend mass in the small house of worship, which they soon filled to the door, hundreds of them kneeling on the sward outside.

The French soldiers, for their part, threw themselves on the grass in the umbrageous shade of the trees, and proceeded to light their pipes. Their religious principles, if they ever had such, had been weakened or destroyed in the crucial ordeal of the Revolution, with its "philosophers," and sceptics, and "worship of Reason," and the rest. Some of them did not believe in a future existence; others had never dreamt of such a thing; they were ordinary types of the French Republican infidel of the period.

"Morbleu! my friends," remarked one lank campaigner with laugh, as he noticed the throng hurrying to chapel, "we are simply scandalizing our Irish brethren. Come, Bartolomé Baillé, thou wert a priest in Paris in Capet's time; please recollect a few prayers for us."

"Peace, Ballisceau," sternly said the scarred veteran addressed; "thou art always a scoffer. A Frenchman may not attend those places of worship, but still he should respect the religious feelings and practices of others." And this was the general sentiment of the troops.

Strange beings those fighting Republicans; generally small in stature, sallow, hollow cheeked, they seemed at first sight rather unfit to endure the rigors of a campaign; but there was a wiriness of frame, an alert, panther-like movement, a seasoned hardiness of physique which betokened men ready to brave any hardships, to encounter any obstacles. The little warriors were quick, sagacious, temperate, and perfect military machines in point of discipline.

Some of the soldiers were colored men from St. Domingo; others were black in another sense—members of the Legion Noire or "Black Legion," i.e. blackguards, "the greatest reprobates in the French army"; but these were very few.

The lawn was also occupied by a large number of recruits recently joined, but these were mostly armed only with pikes, the muskets having been already distributed.

In Ballina House, fronting the picturesque scene on the lawn, a council of war was held, Humbert presiding.

"Peste!" he exclaimed in reply to a rather Fabian remark of one of his colleagues, "it will never do to wait, giving the enemy time to surround us; remember that we are in a *cul de sac* Three days have flown away since our landing, and we can ill afford to lose another."

"*En avant*, then, by all means," said Bartholomew Teeling; "better march boldly and hazard a battle than remain to be miserably surrounded and entrapped."

"The difficulty is where to march to," observed Matthew Tone."

"I should say to the county town, Castlebar, where the English forces are concentrating," said Humbert. "The road to it lies in this direction, southward, does it not?" He consulted the map which lay on the table.

"Yes; seventeen miles distant," replied Patrick Barrett; but midway there is now a serious obstacle; Gen. Taylor, I am informed by our scouts, has marched from Sligo with twelve hundred men, regulars and yeomen, and taken post at Foxford, eight miles to our front, where he has been reinforced by the Kerry militia from Castlebar. To force a passage in that direction a pitched battle would be necessary, and victory would but bring us in front of the main body of the English at Castlebar."

"A formidable pass truly! But what of Sligo, that this Gen. Taylor has evacuated?"

"It is thirty seven miles distant to the northeast and has been already re-garrisoned from Enniskillen."

"Diable! ere we could reach there an army might be got together big enough to eat us at a bite? Then is there nothing for it, messieurs, but run this critical gauntlet at Foxford?"

"There is another alternative," answered Barrett; "a second road leads to Castlebar—a long, rough, mountainous one, but by traveling it we could avoid the force of Taylor. Here it is, beyond Lough Conn." He indicated it on the map.

Humbert conversed briefly with Sarazin, Teeling, and others; then exclaimed with characteristic decision:

"There lies our way! We shall give our English friends a little surprise"

However, as it was more than suspected that there were English spies in town, who would be sure to notify Gen. Taylor, and through him the English commanders in Castlebar, the project was kept secret for the time being, and the rumor industriously circulated that next morning the French would march to attack the English in Foxford.

To give confirmation to this a force of two hundred French, under Sarazin, was marched some distance on the Foxford road, where it subsequently wheeled to the right in order to rejoin the main body.

A large and fresh contingent now augmented the insurgent forces on the river-side lawn. A cheer echoed over the Moy, and a green mass, as it were, was seen descending the hill of Ardnaree."

"What means this?" laughed Teeling; "is Birnam Wood coming again to Dunsinane?"

"It is the Coolcarney volunteers," remarked Barrett.

It was, indeed, the numerous tenantry of the Baron O'Dowda, nearly all of them bearing green branches, which they waved as they cheered vociferously, their shouts being exultingly responded to by the multitude on the lawn. At their head rode the stalwart O'Dowda, and also his lady, whose horse was bedecked with green ribbons.

"Where shall weapons be found for so many hands," demanded Teeling, with a sigh; "I fear O'Dowda shall have to leave his merry men behind him."

It was about 3 o'clock, p. m., when the roll of the French drums burst forth again in vehement call to arms. Patrick Barrett, rushing to bid brief farewell to his friends, ran against a man in peasant garb who suddenly evaded him, scurrying down a neighboring lane; he would have sworn it was the savage yeoman sergeant, Billy Moran, and made a motion to pursue, but he had no time for that now.

A few hearty, encouraging words to his relatives, a few low and tender ones to Maeve as she threw the green sash she had wrought for him over his shoulder, and fastened it at his side, and he was in his saddle at the head of his division of the Legion, which cheered him as he rode up.

The leading French files were already in motion, the red-white and blue flags of the Revolution waving over the dark countenances and towering bearskins of the grenadiers.

"Shall the hostages accompany you, General?" inquired Capt. Truc, the commandant of Ballina.

"Bah! let the fellows return to Killala; I do not mean to cumber myself with them on such a journey," was the reply.

Up the old road leading over the hill of Barnaderrig (the "red gap"), west of the town, went the long, blue, undulating column of French infantry; next succeeded the Legion, with their green banners; then a crowd of frieze-clad insurgents with pikes, who merely wished to see the departing column "a bit of the road." The mothers, wives, sisters of the men of the Legion lined the road and pathetic were the parting words exchanged by many who would never meet on earth again. The two field pieces and a group of mounted French and insurgent leaders disappeared from view across the hill; and, lo, the Franco Irish army was in full march to meet the foe, while mingled hope, suspense, and desolation settled down upon many a kindly Connacht and Ulster heart whose happiness was staked on the fate and fortunes of that departing column.

The long Sabbath evening closed tranquilly in Ballina, the prevailing anxiety and loneliness increasing as the grey twilight came stealing solemnly upon many a household, some loved member of which was away with the flag of green. And then the angel of night unfolded her dark soothing wings; but to many, very many, she brought no blessed rest.

The Autumn morning dawned in crimson glory. Southwest of the town, on a hill surmounted by a hoary cromlech, was posted a French sentinel. A hoary, wizened veteran, but with erect mien and easy stately step, he was soon an object of interest to some urchins who were up be times; they approached through curiosity, and the queer little old man in the blue coat and cocked hat received their overtures with kindness and suavity; he seemed quite fond of children. Suddenly, on the still morning air, came a faint sound resembling distant firing. In a moment the veteran had gesticulated his juvenile friends into strictest silence; in another he was reclining on the grass, his firelock beside him, his ear to the ground in most intent listening. That distant sound was repeated—again—again—then an interval of silence—then a similar sound, but fainter and more smothered by distance.

And then the watching youngsters were surprised to see the little warrior bound to his feet, fling his firelock into the air and catch it as it fell, achieve a similar feat with his hat, and then vary the performance by treading some lively and fantastic steps of some unknown foreign dance, as he cried:

"Vive la France! Vive le Gen. Humbert! Vive le victoire! Vive la Republique Irlandaise!"

CHAPTER IX

THE "RACES" OF CASTLEBAR.

Marching in circuitous route by the northwest, the Franco Irish forces pressed steadily forward as well as the rugged nature of the road would allow. Their route lay through a pleasant, fertile country, which lay all smilingly under the cloudless sky; Cloona, with its pretty little lake and bosky island grove; Rappa, with its dark, stately ranges of woodland; and at length the town of Crossmolina came in sight, with the sunlight flashing on the windings of the Deel river and resting on the grey ruin of the old castle of the Barretts.

A joyous greeting was given by the inhabitants. Among the chief of these was a family named Maguire; the head of it, who followed the business of brewer, loved freedom with all the zest of the famed Fermanagh clan to which he belonged, while his sons, fine spirited young fellows, had promptly embraced "the cause," and now wore green sashes on their breasts, swords at their sides, pistols in their belts. One of them, Roger, cheerily addressed Patrick Barrett, with whom he was on intimate terms.

"The path lies clear for you, my boy; our loyalist leaders have taken themselves off—Ormsby of Gortnoraba, Orme of Abbeytown, Jackson of Iniscoe, and the rest; we will have quite a little republic of our own here presently, all free and untrammelled—Erin go Bragh!"

"And I suppose, Roger, I may hail you as commander of the civic guards?"

"Ay, faith, Pat, to my misfortune; I would prefer marching with you to Castlebar, where, by the by, I hear there's some tough work cut out for General Humbert."

"You've got tidings from there?"

"Yes, casually. An officer named Grey has just passed through here with a few Carbineers on his way to Killala, inquiring about an officer that was wounded at Ballina, but really picking up information of another kind—about our strength and the like. One of his men dropped the word that an army of between five and six thousand men was mustered in the county town to oppose the French, and all under the command of the 'butcher general' in person."

This was the nickname applied to Gen. Lake on account of his savage inhumanity; at Vinegar Hill he had ordered the hospital that had sheltered the sick and wounded insurgents to be sit on fire, burning the unfortunate inmates to death, and also directed the slaughter of all the insurgent wounded found on the field of battle and in the houses!

"They outnumber us, then, more than two to one," said Patrick thoughtfully; "and, heavens! woe to the district should Lake gain the victory."

"Hope for the best," said Maguire ardently. "Kilmaine and Hardi may arrive any day to our rescue, and then comes the *dies ira* of the butcher, and all of his kind. Good bye and success."

After a short halt for refreshments, during which the French officers were hospitably entertained by the parish priest of Crossmolina, Father McGowan, the march was resumed.

At Lahardane a halt was ordered for the night, and the troops went into bivouac. It was an impressive spectacle. On the left expanded the broad, dark sheet of Lough Conn; rising steeply to the right the vast bulk of Nephin loomed darkly athwart the stars; in the intervening space flared and twinkled the light of numerous campfires, flashing on piled arms and lighting up the rugged countenances of the men who stood or reclined around. Near at hand were the humble parish chapel and the dwellinghouse of the pastor. The windows of the latter building were lighted up, for there the worthy soggarth, the Rev. James Conly, was dispensing to his French guests the usual rites of Irish hospitality. Little did the liberal host think as to the consequences of his quite ordinary action.

In one direction was heard the loud neighing of horses; in another the clink of a blacksmith's hammer as he mended the carriage of one of the field pieces which had been injured in its long jolt over the rough road. But predominant over all came the murmur of many voices, in conversation, in laughter, in song. The last named vocal sound came chiefly from the insurgents, some hundreds of voices ringing out the alleged sayings of that mysterious "poor old woman," who was the favorite sibyl of the United Men:

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes, Ireland will be free
From the centre to the sea,
Then hurrah for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Weirdly the sound rose up in the harvest night; weirdly as the illuminated smoke rolling up against the black background of mountain. At length silence settled down on the camp, song and mirth giving place to prudent repose.

At daybreak the reveille was beaten; a hasty meal was snatched, "march" was again the order, and the fresh mountain breeze shook forth the folds of the tricolors and green flags as the blue clad column resumed its progress. A dangerous pass still lay between them and Castlebar, a gateway in a lofty mountain barrier which crossed their route—the Pass of Barnagee, in English the Windy Gap. With a single piece of ordnance a determined body of men might have successfully disputed the passage of this rugged defile; but it seemed there was no military Leonidas among the troops in Castlebar. A British officer had indeed announced his intention of placing a masked battery in the pass; but its only occupant when the French appeared in sight was a solitary cavalry vidette, who immediately spurred off to Castlebar as fast as his horse could carry him, accompanied by the dragoon picket which was posted in that direction. And now, with a cheer of triumph, the French advance guard topped the pass and descended into the valley beyond, followed by the long blue column, and no further natural obstacle lay before Humbert's force save the six miles of undulating country which lay between the Windy Gap and Castlebar.

After three miles had been covered a few shots were heard in front, and some redcoats were seen disappearing towards Castlebar. Another cavalry picket had been sighted and fired upon.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Scalga.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Padraic—Léig seacha bheith d'á riomh
A mhic an righ do b'fheárr cliúdh,
Géill do'n t-é do guidh gac feart,
Crom do cheann is feac do ghlún.

Buail d'ucht agus sil do dhér,
Creid do'n t-é tá os do chionn,
Gidh gur longnadh leat a a luadh,
Is é rug bualdh air an bh-Féinn.

Oisin—Uch ón ochl mo sgeul truagh!
Ni binn liomsa fuaim do ghlór,
Guilfiod frass 's ni fád' Dhia,
Acht gan an Fhiann do bheith beo.

Mór an ceannach liom air Dhia
Bheith measg na g-cliar mar atáim,
Gan biadh, gan eudach, gan spórt
Gan bhronnadh óir air shaor dháimh.

Gan gárrtha gadhar na sdoc,
Gan coiméada port na cuan,
A bh-fuair d'ocras is do dhith,
Maithim dod' righ-se a luach.

Padraic—Leigean d'iomarbhaidh is cóir,
Oisin mhóir na d-treas d-tréan,
Fionn na bh-fiaith 's a raibh da threoin,
Ni comhór ré righ na neull.

Sé Dia do chum neamh is talamh,
Asé do bheir neart na laoch,
Asé chruthaigh an mhágh bháu,
Asé bheir biath na g-caor.

Asé bheir gealach is grian,
Asé bheir isag a linn,
Ase rinne tortha 's biáth,
Nior bh' iounan is euchta Fhinn

Oisin—Air dhéanamh tortha na biáth
Nir thug mo shamh-righ a shúil,
Acht air chosgairt corpa laich,
Ag cosnamh crioch 's ag cur cliúdh.

Air shúirighe, air shiasa, air sheilg,
Air nochadh meirg a d-tús slógh,
Air imirt fichebhoil, air shnámh,
Air coimbéad chálch a d-tráth gleoidh.

A Phádruig cia raibh do Dhia
Tráth thainig an dias tar lear
Re mnaoi righ Lochlann na lann
Lér thuit sonn iomad 'sa d-treas?

No'n lá thainig Taile mac Trén?
Fear air an bh-Féinn do chuir ár;
Ni léd' righ thuit an fear
Acht re h-Oscar ameasg cháich.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer and your thin gray locks will thicken up and be restored to their youthful color, vigor, and beauty.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

Summer Resorts Now Open.

Excursion tickets now on sale. The following list (with ticket rates for the round trip from Chicago) represents but a few of the choice spots of the Creation reached best by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Milwaukee & Northern Railway: Delavan, Wis., $3.75; Oconomowoc, Wis., $5 50; Waukesha, Wis., $5 00; Palmyra, Wis., $5.50; Madison, Wis., $6 50; Kilbourn (Wisconsin Dells) $8 85; Tomahawk Lake (Minocqua) $15.70; Elkhart Lake, Wis., $7.50; Marquette, Mich., $17.40; Mackinac, Mich., $21 25; St. Paul and Minneapolis, $20 00; Lake Minnetonka, $20.75; Duluth, $20 00; Yellowstone Park (Grand Tour), $130 00 Special reduced rates on Friday and Saturday of each week to various Wisconsin points. For further particulars apply to City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on, or address any ticket agent.

Harvest Excursions.

Two genuine Harvest Excursions will be run from Chicago and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on Aug. 25 and Sept. 29. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. Miller Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

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[*Chicago Morning News.*]

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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WRECK ON THE RAIL.

Terrible Accident on the "Air Line" Road.

FIVE KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

The Heavy Passenger Coach Falls Directly on Top of the Locomotive—Terrible Story of a Passenger by the "Air Line" Route—Piteous Pleadings of the Helpless—List of the Killed and Injured.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 1.—Five persons were instantly killed and thirty seriously injured by the derailing of a passenger train on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis "Air Line" railroad two miles east of Troy, Ind., at 11 o'clock Monday morning. Train No. 51, an accommodation, in charge of Conductor James Gordon and drawn by engine No. 18, plunged through a trestle and down a fifteen-foot embankment and not a single person on the train escaped injury. The heavy passenger coach fell directly on top of the locomotive, smashing the steam chests and enveloping the victims of the disaster in a scalding cloud of vapor. Those who were able to get out of the wreck at once set about rescuing their unfortunate fellow passengers. Hardly had the dead and wounded been dragged from the steaming wreck when the coach caught fire from the ruined engine and was entirely consumed. It is feared that some of the occupants of the coach were pinioned in their seats and cremated.

The Killed and Injured.

The list of dead so far as can be ascertained at this time is as follows: Mrs. John Cavanaugh, Troy, Ind., scalded to death; John Cavanaugh, Jr., aged 10 years, Troy, Ind., killed outright; Miss Barbara Neimier, aged 18 years, Harrison township, Percy county, Ind., killed outright; Emma Schue, aged 10 years, St. Meinrad, Ind., scalded to death; unkown man, farmer of Hancock county, Ky., scalded to death. The following is a list of the injured as far as their names have been ascertained: C. F. Bott, Mrs. William Chase, child of Mrs. Chase, Manuel Durbin, Michael Elberthorn, John Gordon, Sidney Hess, Maggie Hudson, Kate Kelso, William Newman, Mrs. William Newman, Henry Rodine. Many of these were so badly scalded and crushed that their recovery is doubtful. Eighteen others were more or less scalded and bruised, but all of these latter will recover.

Caring for the Wounded.

There was considerable delay in taking any steps to care for the sufferers, but finally one of the trainmen started back to Troy, and an hour and a half after the accident a relief party arrived on the scene and the dead and dying were taken back to the village, where they are being cared for by the local physicians The accident was caused by the breaking of the flange of one of the drive wheels of the engine. Engineer App and Fireman Tolle jumped when they saw their danger, and escaped with a few bruises. Conductor Gordon was standing on the front platform of the coach when the plunge was made, and was unable to jump in time to save himself. He was caught between the engine and coach and crushed and bruised in a frightful manner. He was unconscious when released twenty minutes later, but was still alive at midnight. When the news of the accident reached the office of the company in this city a wrecking train was at once made up and started for the scene of the disaster. The company's surgeon and corps of assistants were on the train and they will do all in their power to relieve the sufferers

A Scene of Horror.

A passenger arriving by the "Air Line" train says that the scene at the "Air Line" wreck was the most horrible that could be imagined. A number of those who were but slightly injured and had succeeded in breaking their way out of the coach had apparently lost their senses for the time being and ran about aimlessly screaming and wringing their hands while the groans and piteous pleadings of the helpless ones within the chamber of death filled the air. Had it not been that a portion of the cool-headed ones who escaped with slight injuries worked with their might to save those who were rendered helpless they would have been cremated. The sight revealed while rescuing these poor unfortunate people was most sickening, for even handling them to get them out of the coach the scalded skin peeled from their hands, faces, and bodies in great strips, some of them being literally cooked.

Brutal Vandalism in Jersey.

BURLINGTON, N. J, Sept. 1.—A few mornings ago J. Frank Antrim, a prominent farmer of Springside, a suburban village, went to his stable and found blood dripping from the head of his favorite horse. He found that one eyelid had been almost severed and hung only by a tiny fibre. Dr. Fenimore sewed the severed flesh in place and the horse began to recover. On going to the stable as usual Sunday morning, Mr. Antrim was astounded to find that the other eyelid of the injured horse had been cut in a manner precisely similar to the first. Mr. Fenimore sewed on the other eyelid. Yesterday morning Mr. Antrim found the hammocks on his lawn cut into pieces and other evidences of vandalism that he is unable to account for

Parade of Knight Templars.

SARATOGA, Sept. 1.—The parade and exercises of the grand commandery, Knights Templar, were in progress here Tuesday, commanderies being present from all the important points in the state. The sight was a beautiful one, Broadway and the other leading streets being given up to the procession. Thousands of spectators were in town and the hotels were crowded. The weather was delightful and the occasion in any way successful. There were about 2,000 Knights in line.

Shot by a Striker.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 1.—George C. Anderson, superintendent of the Madison, Ills., car work, while walking on Bremen street at 7 o'clock in the morning was shot by a discharged employe named Warren Colbett, inflicting only a flesh wound. Colbett, thinking he had killed Anderson, placed the weapon to his head, blowing his brains out, dying instantly.

Liquor Dealers in Session.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The State Liquor Dealers' association opened its annual convention here Tuesday. Important action is expected in regard to the support of political parties, but thus far the business has been of a routine character.

MURDER OF AN AGED COUPLE.

Their Bodies Found in a Well—The Supposed Crime of a Tramp.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 1.—Monday morning Frederick Bushenhagen and his wife Emily, each past 70, who came from Germany forty years ago, and who lived on a farm a half mile from the main road in a secluded section of the town of Bloomfield, west of Hartford, were found in an old well on their place, showing evidence that they had been murdered. About dark Sunday James Ryan, a neighbor while crossing the farm noticed one of Bushenhagen's cows wandering around the house. Ryan rapped at the door, and receiving no response supposed the inmates were asleep. He put the cow int the barn.

Found Blood on the Doorstep.

Returing by the house at 9 p. m. he again called and failing to arouse anybody, examined the outside of the building and found blood on a rear doorstep. He aroused the neighbors and together they searched the house and fields, but could not find the old people. At 6 a. m. yesterday the search was renewed. There were blood stains and traces of a scuffle on the yard fence and marks in the earth led to the well where the bodies were found. It seems probable that the tragedy occurred early Sunday morning, and that the murderer was a tramp who slept in the barn Saturday night.

Accounting for the Murder.

It is thought that Bushenhagen found him there Sunday morning on going out for firewood; that a quarrel occurred and that the old man was killed by four blows with a coupling pin, which was found near the barn. The supposition is that the aged woman ran out half dressed to aid her husband On her body there was only a chemise, a skirt and one stocking. The murderer probably deemed it best to silence the only witness of his crime and seizing a club he killed her. There was no robbery and it is evident that the murderer did not enter the house. The officers believe that the murder grew out of a row caused by the old man finding the tramp in the barn, or by the latter demanding money.

MADE FOR THE RUSSIAN SIDE.

How Captain Seward Saved Money for His Employers.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 1.—The schooner Geneva which came in late Monday night, brought 600 skins and is first home of those venturesome schooners that made the Russian side of the sea. Two days after reaching Behring sea the Geneva was ordered out by H. M. S. Pleasant, and Captain Seward, knowing his owners would be heavy losers if he came home, made for the Russian side, and brought up twelve miles off the rookery at Cooper island. He ran in between the American schooners Teresa and J. Hamilton Lewis and at once sent a boat to the former to see what luck she had. The captain of the Teresa said that he and the schooner Rich had been by followed the Russians many times, but Aug. 2 Captain Alexander McLean of the Rich was ashore with two boats.

Fired on the Guard.

Just as they were returning to the schooner the Russian guards rushed on them over the sand hills and started shooting with rifles. They fired several rounds, and though many bullets hit the boats only Captain McLean was struck. His kneecap was smashed and his left hand hit. Then both schooners made off to their position, twelve miles from Copper island. The Russian man-of-war Alert, thirteen guns, the next day steamed out after the three schooners at full speed. All of them put on every bit of canvas and for twelve miles there was a long chase, the Alert firing blank cartridges all the time. Then the wind fell off and it came up to within a mile of the Lewis and fired a ball that smashed the bowsprit in halves and brought her to. The Geneva and Teresa then saw two boats pull from the Russian and board the Lewis, which ten minutes afterward was taken in tow and rapidly disappeared.

It Wasn't a Sensation.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Kingston had a very easy task in defeating Van Buren in the mile and a sixteenth match race at Garfield park yesterday. He simply killed the little blase-faced colt in the first half mile, and then won the race at his leisure The time was 1:5?¾. Other winning Horses: Piccadilly, ¾ mile, 1:18¼; Maud, 1 mile, 1:47. Addie ¾ mile, 1:17; Little Rock, ¾ mile, 1:03¼; Getaway, 1 mile, 1:45.

At Hawthorne: Roseland, ⅝ mile, 1:33; Bankrupt, 1 mile, 1:46; Brookwood, 1⅛ miles, 1:59½; Zantippa, ⅝ mile, 1:03¼ Evangeline, steeplechase, short course, no time taken.

Was a Sentimental Dastard.

HANOVER, N. H., Sept. 1.—A search was made in Mr. Warden's cattle barn, in which Murderer Frank C. Almy hid for so long a time without detection, and resulted in the finding of the necktie case which Christie Warden gave her murderer as a Christmas gift. Other articles were also found, among them a silver napkin ring, some penciled sketches made by Christie, a large braid of the victim's hair, a dozen verses of sentimental poetry in the murderer's handwriting, and a package of four handkerchiefs marked with the initial "C."

Social Scientists in Session.

SARATOGA, Sept. 1.—The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of the American Social Science association has began in the court of appeals room Monday night President Andrew D. White of Ithaca made the opening address. His report, which was very short, referred to the work done by the association in the past year, and was most encouraging, showing that many of the recommendations of the association had taken form in legislation.

Fatal Stabbing Affray.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Sept. 1.—A hand to hand fight occurred here Monday among a large party of tramps. Clubs, knives and stones were used, and two men were fatally stabbed. Three others were badly hurt. The sheriff with a force of men finally reached the scene of conflict and stopped the row. Two arrests were made.

Texas Fever in Colorado.

DENVER, Sept. 1.—The state veterinary surgeon has just returned from Iliff, and reports to the governor that symptoms of Texas fever have put in an appearance among Texas cattle in that locality, though not to an alarming extent.

The Turkish government has yielded to the demands of the Russian government that any vessel carrying the Russian flag must have free passage through the Dardanelles.

BALMACEDA ROUTED.

The Decisive Battle of the Chilian War Fought.

A TRIUMPH FOR GENERAL CANTO.

After Five Hours of Hard Fighting Near Valparaiso Insurgent Forces Put the Government Troops to Flight with a Loss on Both Sides of 5,000 Killed and Wounded — Flight of President-Elect Vicuna—Balmaceda a Fugitive.

VALPARAISO, Chili, Aug. 31.—Balmaceda's power in Chili is broken. His army has been crushed after five hours' hard fighting, and is scattered beyond all hope of reorganization. The revolutionists have taken possession of Valparaiso. With Balmaceda practically a fugitive without resources in men or money; with the principal seaports of the country in the hands of the congressionalists and a consequent shutting off of all incomes from customs receipts; with President-Elect Vicuna a refugee on board a German warship, and the country flocking en masse to the standard of the invaders, it is a matter of only a few days when the capital will fall into the hands of the revolutionary leaders.

CLAUDIO VICUNA.

General Canto Victorious.

General Canto and his army won Friday's battle by superior generalship, good bard fighting, assisted by good fortune in the killing of Balmaceda's generals, and the consequent demoralization of the army and the desertion of entire regiments. General Canto was receiving constant accessions to his ranks from the people in the surrounding country, which is populated largely by those bound by ties of blood or interest to the leaders of the revolution, many of whom are natives of the province.

Boom of Cannon.

Early Friday morning the boom of cannon announced to the people of Valparaiso that a movement beyond the ordinary skirmishes had begun. The occasional loud report of the heavy guns soon swelled into one continuous roar, and then it was known that the final decisive struggle had begun. General Canto's position was on the hills above the race track at Vina del Mar, outside of the city. He had absolute control of the railroad to Santiago and commanded the ordinary roads. Hence Santiago was practically in a state of siege. Affairs had come to such a pass that it was necessary for President Balmaceda to make some move, and a little after daylight in the morning the word was given to attack the position held by the revolutionists.

Balmaceda's Men Demoralized.

As soon as the approaching column got within range of the rifles of the insurgents a destructive fire was opened by the intrenched revolutionists. The government troops were soon near enough to do effective work with their pieces, and the engagement became general. Shot and shell, grape and canister and rifle bullets tore through the ranks of the advancing troops until it became too hot, and despite the efforts of the officers they broke and retired almost in a panic. Officers worked like beavers to reform their columns as soon as they got without the range of the deadly insurgent fire, and at last succeeded. Then came another attack. In steady ranks the government troops started on a double-quick up into the torrent of fire and lead which blazed from the ranks of the insurgent army.

Two Generals Killed.

Early in the second charge General Barbosa was shot and killed. The line wavered, but kept on. Then General Alzerreca fell from his horse, wounded unto death. He was removed from the field and died within an hour. Another break and then General Canto gave the order to charge. With a wild yell the congressionalist army left their defenses and charged on the retreating enemy Their artillery poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the Balmaceda army. The goverment cavalry were literally cut to pieces. Whole regiments which had not lost their regimental formation went over to the victorious troops of Canto and joined in the attack on their late comrades. These deserters were generally the volunteers who had been impressed into service by Balmaceda since the commencement of hostilities. Their sympathies have all along been with the insurgents, and they took this, the first opportunity, to go over to them.

Five Thousand Killed and Wounded.

The fighting lasted a little less than five hours, and its desperate character may be judged by the fact that fully 5,000 men were killed and wounded. The defeat of the government is absolute and complete. There is no possibility of a reorganization. and if Balmaceda does not succeed in making his escape through the mountain passes which are yet open the chances are that he will be captured and shot. President-Elect Vicuna took the alarm early and went aboard the German flagship and asked protection of the admiral, which was granted.

The News Confirmed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—W. R. Grace received a dispatch Saturday morning from their house in Valparaiso confirming the report of the complete victory of the insurgents and the fall of Valparaiso. The firm is of the opinion that the result of the battle is equivalent to the overthrow of the Balmaceda government.

Tornado at Newark, N. J.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—An extremely vigorous but narrow tornado swept through the lower part of Newark at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. It seemed to be looking for tanneries, and it succeeded in finding and wrecking or damaging not less than five of them before it crossed the river and disappeared over the Hackensack meadows. When it entered the city its track was less than 100 yards wide, but it spread considerably before it reached the city line again. It swept in a circle and picked out the leather manufacturing industry as it went along. A score of houses were stripped of their covering and half a dozen were completely unroofed.

Mulligan May Be Lynched.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 31.—Mulligan, the slayer of Frauenthal, was captured Saturday morning. He is in jail at Conway, where excitement is intense and the news of lynching is expected at any moment.

THE PARK PLACE HORROR.

The Total Number of Bodies Recovered Is Sixty-One.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Killed in Park place, sixty-one; bodies identified, forty-six; bodies unidentified, fifteen. The worst is known, and it is bad enough. Park place is memorable forever. A third as murderous as the Brooklyn theatre, three times as deadly as the Greenfield factory, it stands monumental among the catastrophes of this city where human life has paid the penalty to greed and criminal carelessness. Wakened at last to energetic measures the city authorities got to the bottom of things at 2 o'clock Wednesday. Had they done so well Sunday they might have saved the city twenty-four hours of scandal and the suffering relatives eternities of anguish. They reached the bottom, and they found that one and sixty human beings had perished in the wreck and ruin, some quickly and painlessly, others slowly and in torture. Fifteen have not been identified. Some may never be. But none will go to potter's field. The city has bought a plot and will bury them in it free of charge.

LYNCHING IN KENTUCKY.

Murderer Frank Dudley Taken from Jail by a Mob and Hanged.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 28.—At 2 o'clock Friday morning 200 armed men from Franklin county rode up to the jail in Georgetown and demanded the keys of the jailer. They were given up and the men took Frank Dudley from his cell and going out the Frankfort pike one mile, they hanged him to a locust tree. Four men performed the job. Three tied Dudley's hands and legs and the fourth man climbed the tree and tied the rope to the limb. After the body swung loose, the mob fired several hundred shots and departed. The body was cut down at 7 o'clock Friday morning. Dudley killed a wealthy young farmer named Frank Hughes last Monday. Squire Milton Kendall and his four sons, who murdered John Jarvis and J. A. Montgomery in Georgetown, were nearly scared to death when the mob came to the jail.

Disaster on the Deep.

MELBOURNE, Aug. 28.—The steamers Gambier and Easby collided at 1 o'clock Friday morning inside Fort Phillip heads. The Gambier was coming in from Sydney and the Easby was bound out The Gambier's side was crushed in and a panic ensued among the passengers, most of whom had been asleep in their births and who rushed on deck. The Easby rescued many of the Gambier's passengers and crew, but before she could reach them all the Gambier sank, carrying down five saloon passengers, fifteen steerage passengers and six of the crew. The Easby's boats were unable to find any survivors in the water. The Easby was not much damaged. The night was clear and many assert that the lights and lookouts were not properly kept on either vessel.

Secretary Proctor's Successor.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—A special to The Mail and Express from Rutland, Vt., says the successor of Secretary Proctor will be General William Wells, of Burlington, Vt., formerly collector at Burlington and who is head of the firm of Wells & Richardson of Burlington, the largest wholesale drug house in northern New England. He was brevetted brigadier general for bravery on the field, and Sheridan spoke of him as one of his best cavalry officers. The news that the president intends to make this appointment comes from a source that can not be doubted, says The Mail and Express.

Heavy Failure in Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 28.—The Bremaker-Moore Paper company assigned Friday afternoon to the Hon. Albert S Willis. At the same time individual deeds of John T. Moore, D. E. Stark and C. Bremaker were filed, and also a deed of assignment of Moore, Bremaker & Co., the grocery firm, recently succeeded by the B M. Creel company. The liabilities are represented at from $240,000 to $250,000, and the assets at from $700,000 to $750,000. The assignee says the company will pay all debts in full.

Many Farmers Ruined.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 31.—A special to The Journal from Faulkton, S. D., says: All the north part of Faulk county was burned over Friday night by a terrible and most destructive fire, twenty miles wide and extending from Faulkton fifty miles northwest. As far as the eye can reach the sky was lit up with burning stacks of hay and grain. The farmers are ruined. For a space of twenty miles not a foot of grass is left for stock that escaped the flames. The damage cannot be estimated yet. A heavy gale fanned the flames.

International Bicycle Race.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Arrangements have been completed between the managers of Madison Square Garden and Thomas Eck of Minneapolis for a six-day international bicycle race, to be held in the garden beginning on Oct. 18 and continuing until Oct. 24. All the competitors will use high ordinary wheels, and every country will be represented in the contest. A competitor, in order to secure a share of the gate receipts, will have to cover at least 1,3?0 miles.

Four Killed in a Railway Wreck.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 31.—A rear-end collision between two freight trains on the Frisco road occurred near Phillipsburg, at 5 o'clock Saturday morning. The cars were piled up in every conceivable manner. Engineer Hueston of Springfield and fireman (name unknown) were instantly killed. Two other train men are reported killed and several severely injured.

Killed with a Base Ball Bat.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 28.—At a negro church festival at Woodlawn, near Clarksville, Abe Slaughter and Evans Quarles became involved in an altercation during which the former struck the latter over the head with a base ball bat, killing him instantly.

Sued Senator Stewart for $1,000,000.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—James E. Linn has brought an action in the supreme court against Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, for $1,000,000 damages. The suit grows out of complications over mines, among them being the Emma mine of Utah.

Failure in Boots and Shoes.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 31.—Moritz Meisner, wholesale dealer in boots and shoes, has made an assignment to William Bloodgood. Assets $60,000. The amount of liabilities is believed to exceed the assets. There are no preferred debts.

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Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Senator Harlan, father of Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln, was taken suddenly ill Monday, showing signs of apoplexy, at his home in Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

The Grand Duke of Luxembourg has conferred upon Nicholas Gonner, editor of the Luxembourg Gazette, of Dubuque, Iowa, the order and jewel of a knight of the crown of oak leaves in consideration of services rendered his countrymen in America.

There have been seven marriages among the female clerks of a New York weekly paper in seven years, and they each occupied the same desk, which has become a greatly prized one among the remaining clerks.

The visible supply of wheat and corn is respectively 17,857,968 and 4,197,573 bushels. Since last report wheat increased 1,698,679 bushels, and wheat increased 342,469 bushels.

At Quincy, Fla., A. T. Allison, Jr., son of Ex-Gov. Allison, was fatally shot in an altercation with Dr. C. A. Gee. Gee first horsewhipped Allison and then shot him

The figures of the census bureau at Washington indicate the wealth of Illinois at $3,146,465,000.

A story comes from Montana of a woman who has been struck by lightning and not injured in the least. Moreover, the bolt presented her with a photograph for nothing—a photograph of the branch of a tree traced on her arm.

The Mexican state of Jalisco has been in great financial difficulties since the accession of General Galvan to the governorship. He is said to be closing the schools and favoring all kinds of gambling. The state is overrun by brigands.

Railway statistics show that the American takes twenty-seven railway trips a year, the Englishman nineteen, the Belgian eleven, the Frenchman, the German, Swede, Norwegian and the Spaniard five each, while the Turk, the Swiss and Italian take but one each.

Oliver Wendell Holmes will celebrate his birthday Saturday. He was born Aug. 29, 1809.

F. M. Woodlocke, of Odell county, Neb., was run over and killed by the cars. He was 92 years old and the oldest resident of the county.

Governor Boies has ordered the state veterinarian of Iowa to Glenwood to investigate an outbreak of glanders among horses there.

Marvin Smith of Montville, Conn., celebrated his 107th birthday. He remembers the war of 1812.

Congressman Crisp of Georgia addressed a large audience at Sedalia, Mo. The tariff was the subject of his speech.

At a meeting of the Boston Waiters' alliance letters were received from similar bodies in all the large cities favoring a national organization.

Chattel mortgages amounting to $21,000 have been given by the Morton & Bockus Lumber company of Detroit, upon their entire stock, to secure creditors.

The Danish war minister has followed the example of the German military authorities and decreed that henceforth wheat shall be used in the making of bread for the army instead of rye.

United States officers have closed all the beer saloons in Ardmore, I. T.—thirteen in number. The saloon men will carry their case to the courts.

The house of Louis Chaput, at Clear Creek, Wis., was struck by lightning and set on fire. All the inmates were rendered insensible by the shock, but recovered in time to extinguish the flames.

Fire destroyed part of the town of Charleston, Ark.; loss, $50,000. Half of the business part of Moody, Tex., loss $30,000; insurance, $6,000 Voss' saloon and seven adjacent buildings in Grand Mound, Ia.; loss, $30,000; partially insured.

Bankers Malott, Decker and Dougherty of Indianapolis, Evansville and Bluffton, respectively, have been fined $500 each and ordered committed until the amounts were paid for refusing to disclose the accounts of depositors to the board of tax commissioners of Indiana.

Will Lewis, colored, was taken from jail and hanged by a mob at Tullahoma, Tenn. Lewis was a drunkard, but had committed no crime.

A gravel train belonging to the Santa Fe company left the track and collided with the El Paso, Tex., smelter cook house, wrecking the train, killing Conductor Starr and severely injuring Brakeman Mudd.

The Norwegian collier Frey, bound from an English port for Drontheim, caught fire and burned to the water's edge, near Bergen. Eight of her crew were drowned. Seven were saved.

George Ramsey, an employe of Guest's music house at Burlington, Ia., is under arrest, charged with extensive defalcations extending over a period of years.

Investigation shows that the explosion in the Chicago water tunnel did not injure the tunnel, and the wounded men will recover.

Miss Rose Cooke, of Upper Nyack, N. Y., was seized with cramps while bathing in the Hudson river and drowned.

Train service has been resumed on the Lake Erie and Western railroad, all difficulties between the company and its men having been satisfactorily adjusted.

W. H. Campbell of Nashua, N. H., was riding with his wife and daughter when the carriage was struck by a train and all were severely injured, Miss Campbell and her mother perhaps fatally.

Douglass Green, the Wall street broker, has returned to New York with his wife, where he intends to remain and go into business.

A call for a statehood convention to be held at Oklahoma City Sept. 24 has been issued by the Commercial club of Oklahoma City.

A cantelope weighing thirty-five pounds is on exhibition at San Diego, Cal.

Articles of incorporation of the Chicago incineration society at Chicago, with a capital stock of $25,000, for the cremation of human dead, has been filed.

The Union Mining company at Plummer, Wis., has discovered a vein of ore on its property which is said to be very valuable.

An inspection of a troop of United States cavalry at Fort Niobrara, Neb., composed of forty-five Sioux Indians, reveals the fact of their adaptability to military life.

S. H. Clark, principal of the Baraboo high school, has been appointed state inspector of schools for Wisconsin.

Walter Cullen of Creston, Ia., was fatally hurt in attempting to get off a moving train at Valisca.

Senator Vilas of Wisconsin delivered an address at the laying of the corner stone of the Green county, Wis., temple of justice.

Chicago lake and rail lines are restoring rates to the seaboard on sixth-class freight, including flour, to 25 cents per 100.

A southern hotel is to be fitted with telephones which will not only connect each room with the office, but with other rooms.

Helena, Mon., has been chosen as the next place of meeting of the Sons of Veterans' national encampment. Barlow S. Weeks of New York was elected commander-in-chief.

Patrick Klauser went to sleep on the track near Pana, Ills., and was killed by a locomotive.

Bob West, colored, was stabbed at Champaign, Ills., by another negro named Proctor Knott and is not expected to recover. Knott escaped.

The Monterey and Mexican railroad was completed into Tampico the 26th inst. This gives the road 400 miles through the best country in the republic, and connection by steamship with foreign ports.

A bed of coal six feet thick has been struck on the farm of L. M. McCombers in Douglas county, Ill., at a depth of 225 feet. It will be at once developed, the nearest coal mine being forty miles away.

Emigration from Italy continues on a vast scale. From Jan. 1 to July 31 the single prefecture of Rovigo issued 5,046 emigration passports for 16,564 individuals. The greater part of these emigrants went to Brazil.

Three women were killed by lightning while in church at Taulis, Austria.

John Duty, who murdered his mother-in-law, Mrs. Allen, in Franklin county, Ill., last June, has surrendered, and is imprisoned at Benton.

A revival of piracy in the eastern Mediterranean is reported. French vessels trading with the Levant have been ordered to carry arms.

The crop reports from England and Ireland are discouraging.

The reception and ball by the Marinette, (Wis.) Clover club, for Governor Peck and staff, was the finest entertainment ever given there, 500 persons being present.

Sixty thousand tons of corn were exported from Poland to Germany between Aug. 11 and 26.

A movement is on foot in Texas to raise a monument to General Sam Houston.

Unitarians claim the Mikado is a convert.

Mrs. B. F. Graves and Mrs. T. H. Briggs have been selected by the women of Battle Creek, Mich., as their candidates for school trustees in the coming election.

The American Bar association adopted a resolution recommending the passage by each state of an act for the promotion of uniform state laws. Thomas Dent of Chicago was elected one of the vice presidents of the association.

Governor Fifer and staff will attend the ceremony of receiving the monument erected to the memory of Illinois soldiers at Gettysburg.

William A. Armstrong, a poolseller of Romeo, Mich., was stricken with paralysis at the Detroit races while selling pools, and died almost instantly.

Monbars, a 2-year-old colt, trotted a mile in 2:20 at Independence, Ia., breaking the world's record of 2:21¼, made by Regal Wilkes.

An inventor has applied for a patent for an automatic child spanker.

A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

Miss Helen Watterson of the New York Evening Sun, and Mr. W. S. Moody, Jr., Sunday editor of the New York Recorder, are to be married in September.

A tramp named McCarthy, claiming to hail from Chicago, was run over by a train at Crystal Lake, Ia., and so badly injured that he died two hours afterward.

Mr. James Russell Lowell left an estate valued, all told, at $47,000.

The jewelry store of G. D. Holbroon in Dyersville, Ia., was entered by burglars and $500 worth of goods stolen.

The blue grass palace at Creston, Ia., has closed. It has been one of the most successful exhibitions in the history of the society.

George Taylor, one of the most prominent authorities on horticulture in the state of Michigan, died suddenly, aged 88 years. He was an authority on celery-growing.

On the summit of Ben Lomand may be seen the smallest tree that grows in Great Britain. It is known as the dwarf willow, and is, when mature, only about 2 inches in height.

Mrs. Francis Norton of Logan County, Ill., is dead, aged 93 years. She was the oldest woman in the county.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Idler."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Merchant."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Alabama."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Mattie Vickers.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"777."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Patrol."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — "A Dark Secret."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"Devil's Mine."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

AGITATION EXPLODED.

A London dispatch to the *Tribune* says: "Parnell has received a worse blow than the loss in elections. The *Freeman's Journal* has by a vote of its shareholders been taken out of his hands. The directors favorable to Parnell's interests have resigned. The leading Nationalist organ henceforth will be under the absolute control of Dwyer Gray, who joined Dillon and O'Brien. Parnell is now left without an organ of any importance save *United Ireland*. He will be able to reach his public only by speeches. One result is likely to be a weakening of his forces in Dublin, which is his last stronghold. The *Freeman's Journal* made and was maintaining public opinion. If the Nationalist electors of Dublin could be polled this moment Parnell might have a majority, but now as the chief newspaper of the city has deserted him Parnell's influence is likely to decline. It is difficult to see where he will find a rallying point. Strenuous efforts are being made to establish a rival journal. The writers who secede from the *Freeman* are ready. There seems to be no abatement in the enthusiasm of Parnell's friends, but there is one serious hitch—a lack of funds. Empty treasuries cannot found newspapers. Dublin will scarcely support another one."

The earnest Irish element in this country cares very little about agitational methods of any kind since the Carlow election, which revealed the rottenness of Mr. Parnell's opponents and the complete control exercised over constituencies with a limited franchise by the Whig bishops and their English allies. Had North Kilkenny, North Sligo and Carlow gone heavily for Parnell our people in this country might still have some faith left in that worst of existing frauds, the British parliament. As it is now, and perhaps it is all the better that it is so, no Irishman with a spark of sense believes in the Irish Parliamentary party. It is, as a majority, the most discredited and disgraced legislative body that has existed since the wrecked parliament that sold Ireland's liberty for English gold or titles in 1800. The members of it who have stood by Parnell have exhibited the manly courage and independence which alone could wring any concession worth having from the British government. As for the McCarthyites, they have set an example of disgraceful mutiny in face of the common enemy, and it is not wonderful that they should be regarded pretty generally with the same distrust which a generation ago prepared the Irish people for the political treachery of the Brass Band, led by Keogh, Sadlier & Company.

It seems to be a conceded fact, and our personal observation has confirmed us in the belief, that nineteen out of every twenty Irishmen who enter the English house of commons, and practically perjure themselves by taking the oath of allegiance to a monarch whom they must naturally detest, become demoralized and weakened in the national faith. Parnell himself has kept the faith, but, otherwise, he was tempted beyond his strength and fell. THE CITIZEN has thought from the first that, considering the temptations that beset him, and remembering his fidelity to the national cause, the majority of the Irish people, or those who act in their name, treated him harshly and ungratefully. The ultimate result may be for the benefit of the cause, for, assuredly, parliamentary agitation has been sufficiently tried and found sorely wanting.

SCOTCHING "SCOTCH-IRISH."

In one of its late issues, the Chicago *Tribune* takes exception to a statement made by THE CITIZEN to the effect that the fathers of Anthony Wayne, John Sullivan, Joseph Warren and the two Clintons were born in Ireland. Says the *Tribune:*

"The father of Gen. Joseph Warren, also named Joseph, was a Massachusetts farmer, born and reared in this country. The first American Warren settled at Boston as early as 1659. The Americanism of his great grandson cannot be questioned. Probably there has been a confusion with Sir Peter Warren, an English admiral, who co-operated with Pepperell in the capture of Louisburg, and who was born in Ireland. The father of Gen. John Stark was Archibald, a native of Scotland, and educated in Edinburg. He settled in the Scotch Irish town of Londonderry, in New Hampshire, but was not a Scotch-Irishman by birth.

"The father of Anthony Wayne was born in Ireland, but the grandfather was a Yorkshireman who settled in Ireland as an English colonist, and who commanded a company of dragoons for King William at the battle of the Boyne. The Irish Celts cannot claim Gen. Wayne as one of themselves. Charles, the father of George and James Clinton, was born in Ireland, but his grandfather was an Englishman, a royalist refugee. His maternal grandfather was a captain in Cromwell's army, and from him the Clintons may have inherited their hatred of royalty and their stubborn resistance to regal tyranny."

The *Tribune* is respectfully reminded that it has against it in nearly all these assertions, the weight of historical truth. Col. James E. McGee, in his able History of Irish Soldiers, states positively that Gen. Stark's father was born in Ireland. The pains taking historian of the *Irish World* has, moreover, asserted that the paternity of Gen. Joseph Warren and of the two Clintons was unquestionably Irish. The *Tribune* itself reproduced lately, without note or comment, an article from the *Irish World* in which these military heroes were claimed to be sons of Irish parents.

In regard to Anthony Wayne and the Clintons, the fact of their grandfathers having been born in Yorkshire, while their fathers first saw the light in Ireland, does not make them one whit the less the sons of Irishmen. The *Tribune* might as well deny that the thousands of people born of Irish, German, Scandinavian and Polish parents on this continent are Americans. If such a denial could be upheld or substantiated, THE CITIZEN fears that the American population of the United States would have no pretensions to be considered anything like sixty and odd millions.

The *Tribune*, having deprecated any charge of seeking to depreciate the merits of Irishmen, says it would be better, in speaking of individual Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen during the Revolution, to describe them specifically as Scotch-Irishmen or Irishmen. THE CITIZEN begs leave to decry and deny any such distinction. Ireland proper is not circumscribed on the north by the river Boyne. It embraces every inch of ground from the hills of Derry and Donegal to the coast of Cork and Kerry, and from Dublin to the islands of Arran. The race which inhabits that Island, whether they were originally Norman or Milesian, Hugenot or Cromwellite, are now Irish, and cannot, unless they are the merest lickspittles, pretend to belong to any other nationality.

THE CITIZEN regrets to have to add that there are many so called Scotch-Irish in this country who are ashamed to admit that they have even the blood of Ulster in their veins, preferring to be known as Scotch, though, with all respect to the Scottish nation, THE CITIZEN fails to recall anything in its history, either civic or military, which could make it in any respect the superior of Ireland. She certainly suffered as many defeats at the hands of the English as Ireland did, and there cannot be any doubt that the victories of Cambus Kenneth and Bannock burn have been greatly exaggerated by her poets and historians.

It is an unfortunate admission to have to make, that no Irish historian, or novelist, or poet up to the present day has been able to grasp the heroic periods of Irish history. To most persons other than the Irish race, and to many of the Irish race itself, the splendid victory of Clontarf, which broke the power of the Danes in Ireland, seems about as apocryphal as Homer's account of the siege of Troy, and yet it was fought only fifty years two years before Hastings, and redeemed the Irish race from a despotic usupation extending over three hundred years. The first great victory achieved by the native Irish over the Anglo Norman power, which began its Irish career in 1169, was that obtained two hundred years later at Kells by Art. McMurrough over the English army of Roger Mortimer, heir of Richard II., and ancestor of the House of York. Mortimer and 5,000 English died upon the field, and England was shut up in Dublin, so far as her Irish possessions were concerned, except for a few fortified castles in the south and east of the island. The victory of Shaun O'Neil at the Ford of Biscuits, where the English army lost all their baggage and rations, and the triumphs of his relative and successor, Hugh O'Neill, at Contribet. Armagh and the Yellow Ford have been slighted by all British publicists except Sir Walter Scott, in his poem of "Rokeby," in which he says:

Who has not heard, while Erin yet
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit,
Who has not heard of brave O Neill,
In English blood imbrued his steel?
Against St. George's cross blazed high
The banners of his tanistry;
To fiery Essex gave the foil,
And reigned a prince on Ulster's soil.
But chief arose his victor pride
When that brave marshal fought and died,
And Avonduff to ocean bore
His billows red with Saxon gore.

Sir Walter, whose pen has made Scottish valor immortal, was equally an admirer of the prowess of the native Irish, although he never wrote a word in praise of the alleged Scotch Irish, who were, at the time of O'Neill, in the tadpole stage of development, and who subsequently became, under James I., the undertakers of Ulster and the original carpet baggers. They were mostly lowlanders, a cheap, penurious and disgreeable cross between the bilious Scotch Covenanter and the psalm singing English puritan. It is no credit to their descendants that they flow from such a fountain. If they are so Scotch as to be proud of it, they ought to return to their native heath, and it would be a blessing to Ireland if they would drop deriving any title of distinction from her, and revert to their original state of border mongrelism.

THE CITIZEN has frequently said that the Scotch people, with only a few drawbacks, are an admirable race, but they are no more admirable than the Gaelic-Irish, who founded their nation and gave them the brawn and brain which, in spite of sterile soil and fatuous acceptance of a degrading provincialism, have made them hold their own under the upas shadow of the English connection. It is fashionable for American newspapers to flatter the double headed element called the Scotch-Irish, because many of them are potent in the field of commerce, and not a few of them sacrifice utility to sentiment, but, as a matter of fact, outside of Richard Montgomery, Andrew Jackson, and a few other military heroes, their record in America is either insignificant or traitorous. The father of secession was the son of a Scotch-Irishman, and his name was John C. Calhoun; and the foremost foreign general of the Confederacy was another Scotch Irishman, named P. Cleburne, descended from the Scotch Irish colonial secretary of Virginia. The Scotch-Irish had better "let up" on their ancestry, or THE CITIZEN will take great pleasure in showing to the public how many of them owe their commercial talent and progressive pluck to matrimonial alliances with the most Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian, like the O'Sullivans, the O'Flahertys, the O'Murphys, the O'Gradys, the O'Finneguns, the O'Hurleys and the O'Shaughnessys. All the latter are glorious old Irish names, and we should be very sorry to use them as a matter of illustration in connection with the alleged Scotch-Irish, who belong to that class of humanity which may be described as neither fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring.

A SENATOR ON SNOBS.

Says the Chicago *Tribune* of Monday: "Senator W. D. Washburn of Minnesota has just returned from a five months' trip to Europe, and he brings back with him an exceedingly poor opinion of the majority of Americans who go abroad. The Senator reached New York last Wednesday and is now on his way home. He is stopping at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

"'The Americans, as a rule, who go abroad are a lot of idiots,' he said yesterday. 'Europe is filled with American travelers, and but few of them know anything about their own country. They go over there and spend $75,000 000 every year and don't bring back anything to speak of. If the Americans brought back anything to show for their money I would not say so much about that part, but the dollars are spent in railroad fare and Swiss hotels, and there you are.

"'The Americans I found abroad were not there to study the workings of the institutions and make comparisons with their own. They don't do that for more reasons than one. In the first place, they don't know anything about their own institutions; take no interest in such things, and, secondly, they prefer to do a lot of shopping in Paris and go swashing around the other large cities.

"'Many of the idiots go abroad to study the French and German languages, when they don't know anything about their own. Neither do they know anything about the history of their country, and their ignorance is displayed when any questions are addressed to them on the subject. Then again an American, after he has spent a certain length of time in Europe, usually becomes ashamed of his country, and almost makes an apology for being American born. The American consuls are that way, and it would be a good thing for the country to make them stay there as short a term as possible. The longer they remain there the less they think of the greatest country on earth. But I can truthfully say that I have come back to the United States a better American than ever. This business of going abroad, however, is being run into the ground.'"

The Senator's comments on our fellow-citizens abroad are, no doubt, born of an honest disgust, but we have met many Americans returned from Europe who are not idiots by any means, and who, by comparison, love American institutions all the better for their absence in the Old World.

The Senator's criticism is entirely too sweeping, but there is a great element of truth in it also. The greatest anti American that goes "abroad" is the rich, uneducated American's daughter—the heiress of pork, or rum, or soap, or something of that kind. She it is who lays the wires for marriage to some titled pauper, and who becomes the no account countess of Count Baccarat or Count Rouge et Noir. THE CITIZEN regrets that certain Irish-American snobs have made themselves conspicuous among "the fools" to whom Senator Washburn refers; and as for Americans being ashamed of their country, do we not know, to our sorrow and shame, that not a few of the Irish settled in America have changed their names, and even their religion, from motives of the basest kind? Rank ignorance is at the bottom of all of it. Mere riches cannot make a dunce or an ignoramus a man of genius or enlightenment. Neither the educated American nor the enlightened Irishman is ever ashamed of his country or his origin.

DR. F. L. WADSWORTH.

The death of Dr. F. L. Wadsworth, of this city, which occurred last week, is greatly lamented by thousands of Chicagoans, who admired and respected him as a physician, and loved him as a friend. Dr. Wadsworth was a noble type of the American gentleman, and his premature death is not alone a great loss to the world of science, but also a personal affliction to every human being who felt the sunshine of his presence, or experienced the goodness of his heart. Col. F. S. Norton, in pronouncing the doctor's funeral oration, said nothing more than the simple truth when he declared that "Dr. Wadsworth died for men." Had he been less devoted to his profession, and less self sacrificing, his years on earth might have been prolonged. May he rest in peace.

THE IRISH LACE INDUSTRY.

The cable informs us that Lady Aberdeen, wife of the one time lord lieutenant of Ireland, is on her way to Chicago, in relation to the matter of Irish industrial exhibits, notably of lace making and kindred work, at the Columbian Exposition.

In the fever of politics—more empty, fruitless politics words, words, words, ending in nothing but the shameful, internecine warfare that is a spectacle of disgust to the world today—in this fever which held the country in its delirium for the past decade of years, it has been left for outsiders to attempt to stay in some degree the destruction which was falling on the efforts of many honest toilers. While the orators were spouting, promising "in less than two years from now!" a parliament in College Green and a "free flag" floating over the same, and while the martyrs were enduring such prison sufferings as one may in carpeted rooms with books and baths and good food and lights and fires at command—while all this was being done by the patriots, and the emigrant ships unheeded were draining the stagnant, neglected country of its life blood, it remained for a few people, mostly of alien blood, to feel a generous throb of pity for the well nigh ruined country, and to stretch out hands of help. They have not been able to accomplish a great deal, for a people who will not help themselves cannot derive much benefit from the efforts of even the best meaning friends, but with such opportunities as they could find, they have done nobly.

Among the things to which these benevolent persons turned their attention was a revival of lace making. This art had been a flourishing one in Ireland in the middle ages, but the many upheavals and troubles in the country had made it a practically lost one at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1820 a Miss Reid started a lace school at Carrickmacross, and although the work turned out there obtained very handsome recognition yet nothing was done elsewhere until the famine year, when the stimulus of the potato failure set people to devising schemes of employment for the famishing. Several convents and individuals took up the study of lace manufacture, and, gathering the children and many adults about them, soon were centres of more or less prosperous industry. These did not slavishly copy each other; different patterns were studied and improved upon at each school until by degrees the special qualities of the Limerick, Clones, Youghal, Innishmacsaint, Ardee, Tallow, Borris and other laces were as well known to buyers as those of Carrickmacross.

The history of the beginning of the Youghal lace making has often been told, but is of interest as showing what one person of strong will and clear intelligence may accomplish. The famine was at its height in the country, and the Presentation nuns were at the end of their slender resources for their pupils' help. The "sprigging," or cutwork embroidery, at which the children earned a *penny* by ten hours' labor, was but another name for starvation and the nuns were almost in despair at the misery around them. But it happened one day that a piece of old lace came into the hands of one of the Sisters. This she studied and pored over until she had mastered the secret of its construction, and she made no delay in imparting what she had learned to the poor little "spriggers." Familiarity with the work brought gradual improvement, until it seems as if perfection in this most exquisite art could go no farther than in the "Youghal Point" of today. A piece of this famous lace exhibited in London a few years ago was thus described: "It is as though a cobweb had been held out in the sunshine, and all the daintiest leaves and buds, blossoms, motes and fantasies that ever grew, blew or floated, had been captured and fixed on its meshes."

That this beautiful and delicate work is refining to the operators, who, moreover, can perform their labor in their own homes, and that when a market is opened for it in the United States and the other lace buying countries, it will afford excellent remuneration to skilled workers, are reasons for wishing well to the efforts of those who would make it flourish once more in Ireland. Where such an industry for women prospers, the poorhouse and the emigrant ship lose many of their terrors.

C.

MINISTER EGAN'S HUMANITY.

It appears from latest South American advices, and by information received at the state department, that the Hon. Patrick Egan, United States minister to Chili, had no personal interests in common with those of the ex President Balmaceda, and that his visits to that personage bore entirely upon World's Fair matters. An attempt has been made in this country to besmirch Mr. Egan, chiefly because he is an object of dislike to the British minister in Chili—one Kennedy, an Irish renegade most likely—and to the British foreign office in London. The following telegram shows that Mr. Egan has been acting the part of the Good Samaritan in the distracted republic:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug 29.—A correspondent writing from Santiago, Chili, under date of July 15, says the American minister, Patrick Egan, has received much favorable mention for visiting political prisoners and in many instances alleviating their distress through his energy. The life of the former president's sons has been saved and permission accorded him to leave the country with Capt. Frederick and Padre Donoso. Austin Edwards and his mother, with several other ladies connected with heads of the Congressional party, had been ordered to leave Chili by the next steamer. When asked what would be done if they refused to go Balmaceda sent word that a file of soldiers would be sent to enforce the order. A large number of arrests have been made since the departure of the last steamer for Callao, so that in Santiago and in Valparaiso the streets seem deserted of citizens."

A MANLY LETTER.

Irish Protestants, who have national proclivities, have been, and are, models of manliness in word and in action. THE CITIZEN has rarely read anything more frank and straightforward than the subjoined letter, which appeared in the Dublin *Freeman* of recent date:

"As an Ulster Protestant and a Nationalist of over ten years' standing, I think I have a right to say a word about the present sad state of affairs respecting the leadership. After the result of the divorce court proceedings I did not agree or think it wise policy on the part of my countrymen to rush to the Leinster Hall and declare they would have no leader but Parnell, without either consulting Mr. Parnell or Archbishop Walsh, or even without considering how their action would be understood or misunderstood in England. This action was afterwards confirmed by the Irish party when Mr. Parnell was elected sessional chairman. Then came Mr. Gladstone's letter, which, when it appeared, made Irish opinion go at once to the wall, and from that day Mr. Healy and others have abused Mr. Parnell, in language which made some of us blush for our country and feel ashamed of some of its representatives. As an Irish Nationalist I have watched the actions of the Liberal party, and while I do not doubt Mr. Gladstone's desires towards Ireland, I am of opinion that it would be unwise for Irishmen to cast aside any member of the party, let alone Mr. Parnell, who whatever may be said to the contrary, has done more for Ireland than any other living Irishman. I must say that I am somewhat disappointed with both Mr. John Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien. For months I have earnestly looked forward to their release with the hope that they would be the means of bringing about good fellowship between the two opposing parties. I was disappointed when they gave their decision against Mr. Parnell the moment they were released. I notice in yesterday's speech that Mr. Dillon is about to make a proposal to Mr. Parnell with reference to the Paris funds. Perhaps even yet our country might be saved if Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and say Mr. John Redmond or Mr. Harrington would meet in friendly conference for a few hours. Surely after all the suffering which our country has endured for centuries it is not too much to expect that men who have fought in the name of their country and under the leadership of Mr. Parnell, that they should be generous, even though it has been found that that leader has been weak in a way apart altogether from his country, for which for an hour he has not ceased to strive. I do not wish to condone his fault, but I do believe it will be a lasting disgrace to Irishmen if they strike the blow, which will make it impossible for Parnell to still remain in the National ranks, and fight for the liberty of his country. I am exceedingly anxious to heal the breach which at present exists, but if Parnell is to be thrown to the winds I am not at all sure but that the day will come when Ireland will be sorry. As the proprietor of a Liberal paper in North London, the *Middlesex Messenger*, I may say that Liberal feeling is not altogether on one side, but that many Liberals in London are of opinion that Parnell has not been dealt with in that generous way, which is generally acknowledged to be characteristic of the Irish race. I therefore earnestly hope that some arrangement may be made that will enable the national ranks to be healed up, and that the leaders whom I have just mentioned will treat Mr. Parnell in such a manner as will bring all of us, who a present sympathize with him, into hearty co-operation with all our leaders whom we respect and love. Yours, etc.,

(REV) THOMAS CLARKE.

Highgate, London, Aug. 10

VERY FRESH RUSSIANS.

One of the Russian Bear's cubs in the northern seas appear to be growing uncomfortably saucy. In spite of the traditional friendship supposed to exist between our government and that of St. Petersburg, it would appear that the Czar's naval officers have small respect for the presumably sacred folds of the Stars and Stripes. The following dispatch will explain itself:

"VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 31.—The schooner Geneva, which came in late last night, brought 600 skins and is first home of those venturesome schooners that make the Russian side of the sea. Two days after reaching Bering Sea the Geneva was ordered out by H. M. S Pleasant, and Capt. Seward, knowing his owners would be heavy losers if he came home, made for the Russian side, and brought up twelve miles off the rookery at Copper Island. He ran in between the American schooners Teresa and J. Hamilton Lewis and at once sent a boat to the former to see what luck she had. The captain of the Teresa said that he and the schooner Rich had followed the Russians many times, but Aug. 2 Capt. Alexander McLean of the Rich was ashore with two boats. Just as they were returning to the schooner the Russian guards turned on them over the sand hills and started shooting with rifles. They fired several rounds, and though many bullets hit the boats only Capt McLean was struck. His knee-cap was smashed and his left hand hit. Then both schooners made off to their position, twelve miles from Copper Island. The Russian man-of-war Alert, thirteen guns, the next day steamed out after the three schooners at full speed. All of them put on every stitch of canvas and for twelve miles there was a long chase, the Alert firing blank cartridges all the time. Then the wind fell off and it came up to within a mile of the Lewis and fired a ball that smashed the bow-sprit in halves and brought her to. The Geneva and Teresa then saw two boats pull from the Russian and board the Lewis, which ten minutes afterwards was taken in tow and rapidly disappeared."

It would seem that the Lewis was a seal poacher, but one would imagine that a really friendly nation would do no more than chase the offending vessels and capture them, if possible, by the operation of superior speed. The firing of rifles at seamen who ventured on shore, and of solid shot at the Lewis indicates that Russia has not much respect or affection for the American symbol. Apropos of all this trouble in and around Bering Sea, would it not be better to send the dude warships of the White Squadron to the north than to keep them swinging to and fro between the fashionable resorts on the Atlantic seaboard?

MATRIMONIAL.

BROWN-SANDERS.

At St. Anne's church on Thursday evening, Aug. 20, Mr. Patrick Brown and Miss Sarah Sanders were united in marriage by Rev. P. M. Flanagan. There were many friends and admirers of the young couple in attendance at the church. As they entered the door the wedding march was superbly rendered by Miss Farren. After the ceremony, a wedding supper was served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, No 5134 Dearborn street. Choice vocal and instrumental music was rendered by Miss Horan, who presided at the piano, Miss Katie O'Donohue, Mr. T. H. Prendergast and many others. The bride and her maid of honor, Miss Katie O'Donohue, looked charming, and were elegantly attired in evening costumes of tan, decorated with red and white roses. Many costly and beautiful presents were left as testimonials of the high esteem in which the bride is held by her many friends and relatives. Among those present were noticed the Rev. Father Glennon, of Kensington; Messrs. Daniel Richard and and John Brown and ladies; Misses Maggie Brown, Flora and Petty Devine, May Kennedy, of Lake View; Katie O'Donohue, Minnie Lehmer, Minnie Byrnes; Mesdames Farrahar, Walsh, Bartholomae, Hickey, Horan; Messrs. John Evans, Frank and John Sanders, Mulcahy, Conlan, T. H. Prendergast, Horan, Frank Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. McAvoy, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will be at home to their friends at No. 5522 Wentworth avenue, on and after Sept. 15. THE CITIZEN wishes the youthful couple prosperity and happiness in their journey through life.

The only radical cure for rheumatism is to eliminate from the blood the acid that causes the disease. This is thoroughly effected by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Persist until cured. The process may be slow, but the result is sure

ROME AND THE JEWS.

An Able and Exhaustive Paper on the Present Persecution of the Children of Israel by the Russian Czar.

How the Catholic Church Has Ever Been the Friend of the Tribe of Judah—Protection Extended by the Popes.

[*Donahoe's Magazine.*]

The sentiments recently expressed by Cardinals Manning and Gibbons, and the action of the Catholic bishops of Austria in addressing their flocks in opposition to the present anti-Semitic agitation in Europe, again illustrates the old time sentiments of friendliness entertained by Catholics towards the Jews. Catholics, in every country, have given abundant evidence that they have no sympathy with the cruel persecution of the Hebrew people in Russia or elsewhere.

At a time when the Jews were proscribed and persecuted in almost every section of Europe, they found a hospitable refuge in Rome, where even synagogues were erected for them, and the protecting hands of the Popes were extended over them throughout the nations of Europe.

The present fierce anti Jewish crusade in Russia is the most gigantic proscription directed against that people by any government since the middle ages. The Russian authorities assert that the Jews in Russia, while outwardly peaceable and harmless, nay, timid to cowardice, and submissive to servility, are yet unceasingly and systematically undermining the well being of the country; that while enjoying the fullest religious toleration and liberty of public worship, they scrupulously perform every year a public religious ceremony releasing them from the obligation of keeping any oath or promise made to the government or to individuals of the state religion; that while sheltered by the laws equally with all their fellow subjects, and, like them, entitled to sit in courts of justice, they are bound under the direst penalties of excommunication to decide cases brought before them only according to instructions received from a secret tribunal of their own; that they are authorized and taught by their law to consider the person and property of their fellow subjects, if belonging to a different race and religion from theirs, as their natural patrimony, lawful for them to secure by any means; that their secret tribunal—the *Kahal*—collects money by levying a tax on all its members, who are compelled to obey, which money is employed to bribe the government officials to carry out the designs of the Jews in their robbery and plunder of the Russian peasantry.

The Jews, on the other hand, give a general and unequivocal denial to all these charges. They claim that they are made the scapegoats of Russian discontent; and that they are persecuted to divert the attention of the Russian people from their own miseries, which is a less dangerous method of procedure than engaging in a foreign war.

The Jews make but a small figure in the early annals of Russia. They appear in the eleventh century for the first time; we hear of their being massacred at Kieff, in the twelfth century, and of a subsequent expulsion from the Russian territory; and then there is a long silence concerning them. Not until the empire had been fully launched on its career of aggression and aggrandisement by Peter the Great, did they appear. This keen reformer was well aware of their value to the state, and their possible usefulness in opening up its commercial resources, and he rescinded the ban of exclusion. That the ban existed, however, proves that persecution of the Jews was not unknown in Russia in that semi barbarous age.

They were soon to leave Russia again; in 1743 the Empress Elizabeth expelled them, to the number of thirty-five thousand. They were readmitted by the second Catherine, and have ever since enjoyed more or less toleration, after the Russian interpretation of that word, which comprehends little less than permission to live in an atmosphere of disabilities and restrictions. Alexander I., who became Czar in 1801, seems to have taken a great interest in the Jews, and to have pursued a very decided policy toward them. He endeavored to subvert the Rabbinical authority, which had become an *imperium in imperio*, and substitute for it an internal government by elders. He undertook also a task much more difficult—that of coercing the Jews to abandon the financial and commercial pursuits in which they were so successful, and to settle down as agriculturists in the remoter districts of the empire. With this view they were forbidden to follow many trades, and were offered free land and other advantages, such as fiscal exemptions, in the event of their acceding to his wishes. Upon the whole, he may be said to have ameliorated their condition; and though he treated them after a very high handed fashion, his intentions were probably benevolent. On the accession of Nicholas, in 1825, the iron hand pressed as heavily on the Jews as on the rest of the Russian people. Many of the concessions of his predecessor were revoked, and burdens still heavier were imposed. The Jews were prohibited from carrying on the smaller trades, but were allowed to be bill brokers, contractors, etc., on paying a very heavy impost for the privilege. This and many other heavy enactments seem never to have been effectually carried out, since a rigorous enforcement of them would have largely disorganized the social machinery of the country. Although treated as aliens in other respects, the Jews were subjected by Nicholas to the conscription, and that, too, without the ordinary exemptions. In fact, if a Jew escaped the conscription, a Jewish child was taken, and after being brought up in the orthodox faith in some distant province, was enrolled as a substitute. Many of these Jews were among the host that was rolled back from the heights of Inkerman.

In 1846, it was decreed that the long beard, caftan, girdle and cap of sable, which had been made obligatory, should only be worn by those who took out a license costing fifty roubles. A few years after it was enacted that the Jewish women should not cut their hair upon their marriage and wear a head covering, as had heretofore been their custom. In 1851, the yoke was a little lightened by the repeal of regulations which exacted a large sum as a sort of safe conduct on leaving the empire. But still, until after the death of Nicholas, amid the closing scenes of the Crimean war, no Jew could possess land in Russia, nor was his evidence received in a court of justice. The Rabbies did not enjoy the immunity from flagellation accorded to other religious teachers. One child of each Jewish family had to be brought up a member of the orthodox church, and residence in the holy cities of Kieff and Moscow was interdicted to Israelites. It is very probable that these vexatious laws, like those already mentioned, were made occasional pretexts of oppression and extortion, and not literally and consistently put into execution.

For many centuries Poland was a haven where the oppressed and persecuted Hebrews could find peace. The last of the Piasts, Casimir the Great, became enamored of a fair Jewess named Esther, and she seems to have used her influence in favor of her people as effectually as did her namesake of old. The Jews in Poland formed the middle class between the masters and the serfs, and though occasionally ill treated, would appear to have prospered, and to have attained a considerable ascendency. The fact that the Christian Sunday was in some districts made to coincide with the Jewish Sabbath, seems to be a strong evidence of this. But after the partition of the kingdom, those who fell under the rule of Russia cannot have welcomed the change. A Jewish contingent fought under Kosciusko, with the usual valor of their race, and this was, no doubt, remembered in the day of triumph. The laws that militated against them were rigorously enforced, while those in their favor were neglected. The statistics of the acquittal among the Jews brought before the various tribunals, bear remarkable testimony to the carelessness and rancor of their accusers. The policy which had attempted the dispersion of their Russian brethren, was extended to Poland. In 1835, such of them as were not engaged in "solid" mercantile pursuits, were ordered to leave the country. A fair sample of the local restraints put upon them, was afforded by a regulation promulgated at Warsaw in 1853, and reaffirmed in 1857, which ordained that no Christian nurse should suckle a Jewish child.

The Karaites, another interesting branch of the great family of Israel, is located in the Crimea, and claims to have settled there considerably before the Christian era. Some of their tombs at Chufut Kale bear inscriptions of so early a date as the sixth century. In a petition which they presented to the Empress Catherine, they submitted the fact that their forefathers could have had no part in the crucifixion of Christ, and asked for consideration on that ground. They form a sect which has representatives in other parts of Russia, and which repudiates the accretions of the Rabbinical writers, and accepts the law only as a religious basis.

The lot of the Russian Jew was ameliorated under Alexander II., who was hailed by them as a possible benefactor, and who did not disappoint their expectations. Their liberties grew with the liberties of Russia, limited indeed, but have again been crushed out under the present reign.

In civilized countries the persecution of the Hebrews has practically ceased. In Germany and Austria the anti Hebrew movement of late years did not go much beyond social ostracism and insult, and the Jews there may count upon a security, marred only by vituperation.

It is a remarkable fact that of the seven millions of Jews, nearly five millions are found in the Russian dominions. They are spread all over the empire. A great part of the commerce of Russia is conducted by them. In Southern Russia two-thirds of all trade is said to be in their hands, and in Northern Russia at least one-third. This fact will suggest another motive for the present oppressive laws.

Pope Pius IV. wrote in defence of the Jews in 1247: 'It is a great pity that they should be more miserable under Christian princes than their ancestors were under Pharaoh." But Pius IV. was not alone in denouncing the fanaticism that singled out the Jew for persecution.

Neander, the German Protestant historian of the church, after describing the persecution which the Jews suffered in the middle of the thirteenth century, says: "The most influential men of the church protested against such un-Christian fanaticism." When the Abbot Bernard, of Clairvaux, was rousing up the spirit of the nations to embark in the second Crusade, and issued for this purpose, in the year 1137, his letters to the Germans (East Franks), he, at the same time, warned them against the influence of those enthusiasts who strove to inflame the fanaticism of the people. He declaimed against the false zeal, without knowledge, which impelled them to murder the Jews, a people who ought not even to be banished from the country.

In particular, it was a ruling principle with the Popes, after the example of their great predecessor, Gregory the Great, to protect the Jews in the rights which had been conceded to them. When the banished Popes of the twelfth century returned to Rome, the Jews in their holiday garments went forth with the rest in procession to meet them, bearing before them the *Thora*, and Innocent II., on an occasion of this sort, prayed for them that God would remove the veil from their hearts.

Pope Innocent III., in the year 1199, published an ordinance taking the Jews *under his own protection*, against oppression. "Much as the unbelief of the Jews is to be censured," he wrote, "yet, inasmuch as the Christian faith is really confirmed by them, they must suffer no hard oppression from the faithful."

He appeals here to the example of his predecessors which is followed: "No one should compel them by force to submit to baptism; but in case a Jew makes it known that of his own free will he has become a Christian, then no hindrances whatsoever shall be thrown in his way to prevent him from receiving baptism; for he who comes to his ordinance of Christian baptism through constraint, cannot be a true believer. No one shall molest them in possession of their property, or in the observance of their customs. In the celebration of their festivals they should not be disturbed by tumultuary proceedings." (Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 303)

When the Jews in France, in the year 1236, saw themselves abandoned to the ferocious cruelty of the Crusaders, they again applied for help to the Pope, then Gregory the Ninth. His Holiness, in consequence, sent a letter to France, expressing in the most emphatic language his indignation at such barbarity. "They did not consider," writes the Pope, "that while Christ excludes no nation and no race from the salvation which He came to bring to all mankind; still, as everything depends on the inward operation of Divine grace, no man should be forced to receive baptism; for, as man fell by his own free-will, yielding to the temptation to sin, so with his own free will, he must follow the call of Divine grace in order to be recovered from his fall." (Raynaldi, *Annales adnn* 1236 §48)

Pope Innocent the Fourth, to whom the Jews of Germany complained, on account of the oppressions and persecutions which they had to suffer from secular and spiritual lords, issued a Brief in the year 1248 for their protection, etc (History of the Church, Bohn's Ed., Vol. VII., pp 99-104)

To this testimony of the German Protestant may be added that of the Anglican Dean Milman. He says: "Of all European sovereigns, the Popes, with some exceptions, have pursued the most humane policy toward the Jews. In Italy, and even in Rome, they have been more rarely molested than in other countries. They have long inhabited in Rome a separate quarter of the city; but this might have been originally a measure, at least as much of kindness as contempt—a remedy against insult, rather than an exclusion from society." (History of the Jews, Vol. III., p. 300: London, 1829)

And a not less impartial and more philosophic historian, Hallam, says that the Jews were "protected by the laws of the Church, as well as, in general, by temporal princes." (Middle Ages, Vol. II., p. 452)

The judgment of these writers is interesting and important at the present time, when the Jews are again subjected to a persecution which is little in harmony with the boasted civilization and liberality of the nineteenth century. It is, indeed, the more interesting as the Jews have of late years been at the bottom of almost every attack made on the Catholic church in European countries. Whether in France, Italy, Germany, or Austria, the Jewish "reptile press" has been the most vehement in its hostility to the Church, and the most ardent of her persecutors Notwithstanding this, however, Catholics are all of one mind in their hatred of persecution, whether the victim be Jew or Gentile.

Yet to the reader of history, this is not new or surprising. As with the Jew, so with all other races and creeds and colors; since the Church began her divine mission, her course has been the same. From St. Paul to Cardinal Lavigerie, she has struggled from age to age for the freedom of the slave, and for the amelioration of mankind, though her mission is not of this world.

The franchised trader, the liberated seaman, the free artist, the uncollared land tiller, all are her peculiar freedmen. Egypt, Greece, and Rome knew them not, nor could modern nations know them now but for her. At her maternal breasts, the founders of all free classes of modern society were nursed; at her knee they were taught, and her arm protected them in all their early struggles against despotism and injustice.

But it has been time and again asserted that Catholic governments have persecuted the Jews. This is historically false; Catholic governments never persecuted the Jewish race. The governments of Catholic countries have, to be sure, done so, but such governments cannot be called Catholic. France, today, is a Catholic nation, but the government of the French republic is infidel. The Church must not be identified with the governments of Catholic countries. Catholic countries, so called, have always been very docile when the Church had anything to give; but when their particular interests clashed with its general interests, they rebelled, protested, resisted, as pertinaciously as any Protestant or Mahomedan power.

The state, Protestant or Catholic, represents the world, is ruled by worldly men, according to the maxims of worldly wisdom, and therefore, not according to the wisdom or rule of the Church. To expect from any government a disinterested and continuous obedience to the spiritual order is to expect what has never been, and from the nature of governments can hardly be.

No families in Europe owed more to the Church than the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg, and none others were so systematically ungrateful. Before Luther had appeared, Louis XII., of France, had struck a medal against Rome, with a motto threatening with destruction *Babylonis nomen*. His contemporary, Maximilian of Austria, had publicly declared his hope that Pope Leo X "might be the last of them"—the Popes. "He (Maximilian), may be reckoned," says D'Aubigne, "among those who contributed to prepare the way for the Reformation." Gallicanism and 'Josephism" were not the first nor the last acts of ingratitude of the "Catholic" governments of France and Austria to Rome. The Plantagenet Kings of England were no better. Henry II. and Edward III. went nearly as far towards heresy as did Henry VIII. himself. Nor was the un Catholic character of the governments of Catholic countries confined to monarchies, even in those Catholic ages. Venice and the Hanse towns, which owed everything to the Holy See, denied everything to it in their maturity. It was the father of a Pope who invented "the balance of power," or "system of equilibrium," which was to take the arbitration of European quarrels out of the hands of the Popes. An Italian statesman advanced the atrocious dogma that the end justified the means. That the prince was justified in recognizing no higher law or power than his own will. And so it has been always and everywhere. Governments "cannot serve God and Mammon," in Catholic countries any more than in Protestant or Pagan ones. It is, therefore, manifestly absurd to hold the Church responsible for the policy or acts of the governments of Catholic countries, in working out their own worldly interests and selfish ends. But in those very countries where the Church had the most power, and acted most directly on the governments, we find the Jews best protected. Even so biassed an authority, where the Church or the Popes are concerned, as Chambers' Cyclopædia says: "In Italy their position was made tolerable by considerable pecuniary sacrifices. Here and there, at intervals, a spirit of Christian intolerance might break out; but they enjoyed, for the most part, the protection of the Popes. Luther in the earlier part of his career, at least, looked with no unfavorable eye on the adoption of violent means for their conversion; and, on the other hand, we find at least one Roman Catholic Pope, Sextus V., animated by a more wise and kindly spirit towards them, than any Protestant of his time. He allowed them to settle and trade in every city of his dominions, to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and in respect to the administration of justice and taxation, placed them on a footing with the rest of his subjects." The kindly action of the Popes in their favor has been freely admitted by Jewish writers and historians. Hence, the abundant evidence afforded by Catholic dignitaries, and the Catholic press and people to day, that they have no sympathy with the present day persecution or proscription of the Jews, but look on it with abhorrence, would not have evoked such surprise from our non-Catholic contemporaries, if they had been more intimately acquainted with the historic relations of the Popes and the Church with that ancient and much-suffering race.

J. C. CURTIN.

THE TWO WRECKS.

BY JOHN P. SUTTON.

Behold the wreck! down by the lonely shore
Where reigns supreme the desert solitude,
And moaning winds from out their gloomy cave
Wail answer to the melancholy sea;
There, riveted between the boulders dark,
Her keel embedded in the shining sands,
The cradle, whence her blackened timbers point
The summer skies into, and seem to ask
The glaring sun to tell them by what fate
Such power was granted to the tempest king.
The frowning rocks, grim sentinels, stand round
And guard the captive, whilst she doomed awaits
The surging tide, whose wild and wanton waves
Will strike her down with crash and angry roar,
And ply their savage sport until there's left
Of all, not e'en a plank to tell the tale
Of dire destruction.

Yet scarce a moon ago
This shattered hulk a noble bark we hailed,
So grandly riding o'er the trackless main,
With swanlike grace and beauteous wings outspread
Of snowy white, and decked with pennants gay.
Proud ship! the fairest handiwork of man!
Inanimate, but yet so like to life;
Now basking in the glorious beams that fling
The god of day o'er ocean's fickle breast;
Now ghostlike gliding in the paler ray
Of night's fair empress, who sails o'erhead
'Twixt silvery islets in celestial seas.
By what fell stroke is this thy end, poor bark,
And ah! the fate of those who trusted thee?
These sullen rocks have heard the sailor's cry,
A plaything 'twixt the echo and the winds,
And then grow still forever and for aye.

Another wreck! and this on drifting sands
Of life cast up, a stricken, blasted thing;
Deep sunk, she lies in all the mire of shame,
While rising round her fate's avenging tide
Comes rushing on to drown her hapless soul:
A greedy tide of billows dark with dread
And wild despair, that rolling towards her yearn,
Like starving lions eager for their prey,
To crush, o'erwhelm, and claim her as their own.
Oh wreck of womanhood, to ruin doomed!
As phosphorescent gleams in dismal swamps
Depote decay, so doth the lurid light
That leaps from woman's eyes all hot with fires
Unholy, fierce and strong, that rage beneath
The deep volcano of her bosom's hell,
Reveal the desolation of her soul
And tell of all its loveliness destroyed,
For e'en as he that stood before the throne,
The glory of the Lord reflecting back
In splendor and magnificence divine,
By sin polluted was, and so defiled,
That hell itself was refuge for his shame;
So, too, on woman's face doth sin impress
The passions fierce that agitate the soul,
Until each feature hath its tale to tell,
And bears the seared accusing brand of crime,
The stain no stream can wash, nor pigments hide.
And this poor wreck, in loneliness of heart,
Bereft of every grace of soul and face,
Like noisome things that crawl abroad by night,
Doth hate the sun and daylight's gladsome beams,
And loveth best the darkness and the sin.
And so her hate, and so her love shall be,
Till death, in justice or in mercy comes
To execute the Lord's all-wise decree,
And piles the sands of time above the grave
Where lies in dreamless sleep a woman wrecked.
Poor nameless one! how bright her opening days
Of budding youth, a few short years ago!
How beautiful, when gliding calmly down
Her life's young stream, its sparkling wavelets lit
With all the joys of youth and innocence—
An old man's darling and a mother's pride,
So fresh, so fair, so blest with love and grace,
She seemed a sunbeam sent by God to cheer
The deep'ning twilight of their autumn years.

The north wind bloweth and the rosebud fades;
The south wind bloweth and the wildflower dies.
There's blight in the breath of the hot simoom,
And havoc sweeps wide in the storm's track.
But 'twas not the wind of the north or south
That sullied the snow of the virgin's flower,
The lily that bloomed in the maiden's breast.
It was not the breath of the desert blast,
It was not the cyclone in mad career
That poisoned the springs of the woman's heart
And trampled and ravaged the garden fair.
Oh no! 'twas the voice of the tempter soft,
In treachery cold as the bleak north wind,
In passion as hot as the fierce simoom,
In evil as strong as the might of hell,
And false as the light o'er the black morass.

Reception and Ball.

A grand reception and ball will be given by the Henry Grattan Football Club of the Gaelic Athletic Association at Cline's Parlors, Wells and Huron streets, Saturday evening, Sept. 5. All Gaels are respectfully invited.

PAUL HENEHAN, President.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F J CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

A poet down in Monaghan calls Maurice Healy the "bravest of the brave." Maurice is of a heroic build—six feet tall and two inches wide.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* states that Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, is not only a Hebrew, but is proud of the fact. Sullivan is certainly not a Jewish name, and it will surprise many persons to hear that the author of the Savoy operas is of the Hebrew race. Hitherto it has been supposed that Sir Arthur had more affinity with the tribe of O'Sullivan Bere than with the tribe of Judah, and that his ancestors were much better known in Cork and Kerry than in Jerusalem

Mr. Bodkin, editor of McCarthy's organ, says that the circulation of *United Ireland* has fallen from 50 000 to 5 000 This is denounced as a lie by *United Ireland*. Bodkin would be as sharp as a needle only that he has a blunt end.

The Dunville park (Belfast) was formally opened to the public by the Marquis of Dufferin in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage. Mr. Robert Grimshaw Dunville handed over to the mayor and corporation a further sum of £5,000 to defray the entire cost of enclosing and laying out the park.

A man named Pat Hanley, of Kilma cowen, Berchaven, died very suddenly at his residence. The poor man was mowing hay during the day, and after returning to his home in the afternoon suddenly complained of a very serious headache. He ordered his wife to prepare a cup of tea, but before this this was half done the poor man breathed his last.

Mrs. Comerford, of Avondale road, Dublin, who has been staying in Queenstown, fell off the deep water quay at that place, and but for her prompt rescue by a boatman named Flynn would have been drowned.

A sad accident occurred near Annsborough, close to Castlewellan, by which a Glasgow gentleman named James R Mack lost his life. Mr. Mack, with his wife and family, had been on a visit to Mr. Clotworthy Murland, proprietor of the Annsborough spinning mills, with which firm deceased did a large business. He went out for a ride on one of Mr. Murland's horses, and the horse returning riderless to the stable a search was made for Mr. Mack, with the result that his dead body was found lying on the roadside. It is supposed that the horse threw him and that he died from the effects of the fall.

At a meeting of the Kinsale harbor board and town commissioners it was announced that the arrears due to the board of works on account of the fishery pier amounted to £1,100, and that the board of works had obtained a mandamus to compel them to make arrangements for the payment. An offer to levy a rate of 2s till the arrears were paid was made.

It is proposed to construct waterworks at Ballinacollig, Cork, at probably a cost of £5,500, to supply the inhabitants of that town with a wholesome water supply. The plans for the proposed works, which are of an elaborate nature, have been already prepared.

The town of Galway is suffering from a water famine owing to the decrease of water in Lough Corrib, and the consequent drying up of the reservoir. The town commissioners have taken steps to send a small quantity around to the houses in barrels.

A centenarian named Patrick Fall has just died in Kilrush infirmary.

Father Conway, of Carraroe, is about building a new church at Killeen to replace the old one.

The seaport of Larne has been lighted by electricity. This is the first town in the north of Ireland that has adopted the new light.

The sale of Lord Lurgan's Armagh estate, under the Ashbourne act, to 806 tenants for the sum of £235,000, is officially notified.

Sir John Pope Hennessy's goods have been seized by the sub sheriff of Cork on a judgment against him for expenses incurred during the Kilkenny election.

The death is announced in Belfast of William McBratney, who fought as a private in the Royal Scots regiment at Waterloo. He had attained the age of ninety-three.

At Keady twenty-one Catholics and seven Protestants were charged with rioting during an Orange celebration on July 13. Fines varying from five shillings to forty shillings were imposed.

An American aloe, belonging to the Earl of Rosse, Birr, King's county, has begun to bloom—an event which occurs only once in a hundred years. An opening has had to be made in the roof of the conservatory to allow it to grow.

The number of dogs registered in Ireland last year was 384 097. The accuracy of these figures is questioned by the warring McCarthyites and Parnellites.

There are 8,000 schools in Ireland with an enrollment of 1,000,000 This is the highest per cent of schooling, in proportion to population, of any country on earth.

At the Cloyne petty sessions, on August 11, James Gleeson, of Lisquinlan, prosecuted Norah, Ellen, James and Michael Hyde, and Maurice Lee, for interring a corpse in a grave which he claimed as his property. The parties are distant relatives, and the defendants interred a woman named Margaret Gleeson in what the complainant alleged was his family grave, and which adjoins that of another branch of the family, to which Margaret Gleeson belonged. The case was dismissed.

In Mullingar, on Aug 8, Miss Flanagan, sister of the Rev. P. Flanagan, C.C., Mullingar, made her solemn vows, and took the black veil, in the exquisite chapel attached to the Presentation Convent.

Mr. Bryan Healy, builder, Tralee, died recently.

On Aug. 11 Mr. F. B. Smith, R.M., sat in the courthouse, Sligo, for the purpose of taking depositions in the late shooting case near Drumcliffe, in which a young man named William Gilmour was severely wounded by a shot fired at him by Robert Charlton, his sweetheart's father. The prosecutor had been confined to bed since the affair took place. Evidence of the shooting having been given, Charlton was returned for trial to the Assizes, bail being accepted.

Mr. John Phillip Rubie, Westport, died rather suddenly on Aug 9.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

The Gaelic Athletic Association held its regular weekly games Sunday afternoon. The stands were well filled with spectators, many ladies being present. The programme was opened with a very hotly contested game of football between the Columbias and the Innisfails. At the close the score stood at one point in favor of each team, and the game was declared a draw.

A hurling match between the Davitts and Emmets resulted in a victory for the former by a score of one goal five points to one goal two points.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Sept. 2:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	109	68	41	.624
Bostons	107	62	45	.579
New Yorks	100	55	45	.550
Philadelphias	106	56	50	.528
Clevelands	110	51	59	.464
Brooklyns	105	47	58	.448
Pittsburgs	108	44	64	.407
Cincinnatis	109	44	65	.404

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Sept. 2:

Thursday—Chicago 6, Philadelphia 1. Cleveland 2, Boston 12. Cincinnati 10, Brooklyn 3 Pittsburg 7, New York 1.

Friday—Chicago 5, Philadelphia 8. Pittsburg 5, New York 4. Cleveland 4, Boston 9. Cincinnati 8, Brooklyn 1.

Saturday—Chicago 2, Philadelphia 6. Cleveland 6, Boston 3 Cleveland 3, Boston 11. Pittsburg 11, New York 3 Cincinnati 4, Brooklyn 7

Monday—Chicago 0, New York 0 Cincinnati 3, Boston 5 Pittsburg 3 Philadelphia 7 Cleveland 2 Brooklyn 0

Tuesday—Chicago 4 New York 1. Cincinnati 4, Boston 1. Cleveland 7, Brooklyn 1. Pittsburg 8 Philadelphia 4

Wednesday—Chicago 14. New York 2. Pittsburg 5, Philadelphia 6 Cleveland 8, Brooklyn 1. Cincinnati 7, Boston 1.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	110	78	32	.709
St. Louis	114	72	42	.632
Baltimores	108	60	48	.556
Philadelphias	111	58	53	.523
Columbus	115	51	64	.443
Milwaukees	109	47	62	.431
Washingtons	103	36	67	.350
Louisvilles	110	38	72	.345

Thursday—Boston 8, Milwaukee 2. Washington 8 St. Louis 10 Baltimore 11, Columbus 2. Philadelphia 2, Louisville 3

Friday—Philadelphia 8, Columbus 4. Washington 4, Milwaukee 3. Baltimore 7, St. Louis 8

Saturday—Boston 2, Louisville 2. Philadelphia 5, Columbus 3. Philadelphia 8, Columbus 2. Baltimore 6, St. Louis 6

Monday—Boston 2, Louisville 3. Baltimore 6, St. Louis 3. Baltimore 4, St. Louis 8. Philadelphia 3, Columbus 1. Philadelphia 2, Columbus 3. Washington 1, Milwaukee 5.

Tuesday—Boston 9, Columbus 5. Philadelphia 5, St. Louis 1. Washington 3, Louisville 1. Baltimore 5, Milwaukee 9.

Wednesday—Boston 4, Columbus 2. Baltimore 4, Milwaukee 2. Philadelphia 4, St. Louis 5.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	16	11	5	.688
Whittings	15	10	5	.667
West Ends	15	9	6	.600
Rivals	15	6	9	.400
Brands	15	5	10	.333
Franklins	16	5	11	.313

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 9, Brands 6 West Ends 10, Franklins 5 Whittings 12, Rivals 4.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wm. Rapp, for many years associate editor of the *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, has been promoted to the position of chief editor, made vacant by the death of the late Hon. Herman Raster. Mr. Rapp is a journalist of international reputation, and, socially as well as intellectually, is an excellent representative of the German-American element. THE CITIZEN gives Mr. Rapp its cordial congratulations on his well deserved promotion.

We are pleased to announce that our old personal friend, Peter Doyle, No 3000 Archer avenue, is rapidly recovering from his recent heavy attack of fever.

Mr. Richard Walsh, formerly of this city, and now an honored officer of the Anaconda, Mont., Mining Company, has just returned from a trip to Europe. He saw much of Ireland, and says that never, in the material sense, has she looked more beautiful. But the population seems greatly diminished and the political prospects of the old country have been greatly clouded by the recent dissensions among her too numerous "leaders."

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery typical bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S PASSING BELL.

As now thou mournest dildst thou mourn
Ca the sad day when he was borne
Through the green aisle of honeyed limes
To rest beneath the chambered chimes.

He heard thee not, nor cared to hear!
Another voice was in his ear;
And, freed from all the bonds of men,
He knew the awful secret then.

—William Winter.

A VERY PECULIAR CASE.

Like many people in this world who, in apparent health and in the full possession of all their faculties, have yet unknown to themselves or anybody else the germs of some dire disease lurking within them, I was totally ignorant that there was anything the matter with me. I had never been ill since boyhood, consequently had never consulted a doctor. Whether, if I had, he would have discovered my malady before I did I know not, but it is doubtful, seeing that it certainly must be a wholly unusual if not unique case, at any rate the way I found it out for myself. This phase of it alone appears so peculiar and incredible that I conceive it must have opened a new field for speculation among the pathologists, psychologists, or whatever the special ologists are who study these matters.

At the time it happened—thirty years ago—I was a bachelor, living in a drawing room communicating by folding doors with the bedroom behind it, not a hundred miles from the Regent circus. None of the furniture was my own save one or two easy chairs, a writing table and a rather shabby, dilapidated old bureau or escritoire—a relic of my great-grandfather's, I believe, and preserved by me as representing pretty nearly all the property I ever inherited. It stood in the darkest corner of the sitting room, though near one of the two long French windows. I seldom went to it, using its numerous drawers, pigeonholes, etc., only as receptacles for old receipts, bills, papers, and a few old accumulations of no value which for some reason I did not wish to destroy. The key to its circular top I had, with reprehensible carelessness in such matters, mislaid for weeks. This gave me no concern. I could look for it when I wanted it—that was enough. Other lodgers were in the house, which was kept by a retired butler and his wife, who, with three servants, attended on the inmates.

A young man's life in London, without being the least unsteady, frequently involves him in late hours when he has a large circle of acquaintances. It was so with me, especially during one particular season. Operas, theaters, suppers and dances crowded so thick and fast upon each other that for nights together I never had more than three or four hours in bed—always having to be up early. Then, by degrees, when I could turn in in reasonable time I could not sleep, and on this account even the thought of a long night in bed gradually became a terror to me. The fact is, my nervous system was becoming thoroughly unstrung, though at the time I did not know what that meant; certainly I never thought of it as an illness, and equally certain should have scouted any idea of seeking advice about it. I know better now; but let me not anticipate, only, it should be added, that I periodically had some very voluminous and important private correspondence to attend to. By that perversity which frequently seems to regulate these affairs, this often fell out when I was most busy in the day, and when dinners and parties were most numerous in the evening. Never choosing to sacrifice pleasure for business, but always striving to combine the two, I would go at my letters when I came home, however late or tired, if not sleepy. Then, to screw myself up to the work, I would tie a wet towel round my head, stick a pipe in my mouth and brew myself a cup of strong tea. Thus I often wrote far into the night. As a matter of course, after a bout of this kind I never went to sleep at all. I rose unrefreshed, feverish, nervous, irritable. A cup of tea and a slice of toast were substituted for the hearty breakfast of yore. I could not eat until luncheon; only toward evening did I feel at all myself, and so late hours became habitual.

In addition, another thing was worrying me greatly. For the last month or more I felt convinced I was being robbed. I did not possess much jewelry, but I was constantly missing certain little trinkets and small articles. Among others, a silver matchbox, a large crocodile leather gold mounted cigar case, a pair of gold sleeve links, a small locket containing some of my mother's and father's hair, a set of studs, a pearl breastpin and the like. Also a pocket letter or card case, which I well knew contained two £1 Scotch bank notes—unusual money, not easily forgotten. I felt sure that, with every allowance for careless habits, these and many other similar objects had vanished in the most unaccountable way. Search high and low as I would, they were not to be found anywhere in my rooms.

I had lived there nearly two years when this vexation began, and I knew not whom to suspect. It was horribly awkward and most unpleasant. The landlord and his wife bore unimpeachable characters, and I could never have looked either of them in the face again had I breathed the faintest suspicion of their honesty. Three other men, two of whom I knew slightly, were lodging in the house, as I have said, but as to suspecting them of this petty larceny the idea was out the question. No, it must be one of the servants. But which? One of the three was a lad of sixteen. He was a newcomer, truly. The two women were in the house when I took up my quarters there—respectable "elderly parties."

I did not know what to do for the best. To lock up the rooms was impossible; and even to do the same with all my drawers, writing table, wardrobe, etc., now, after never having previously turned a key on anything, would be at once to cast a slur on the establishment. Besides, I never could tell exactly when I missed this or that article, because, as I repeat, my careless ways had often led me to imagine that I had lost a thing when I had merely mislaid it.

Presently the idea occurred to me that I would set a trap. I left a small sovereign purse in a corner drawer of the dressing table, whence I could declare many trinkets and valuables had been purloined; but there it remained. I shifted it—partially covered it with other things as if by accident, or as if it had been forgotten. Yet it was always forthcoming whenever I looked. I put a solitary sovereign on a corner of the mantelpiece, the housemaid twice drew my attention to the fact that the coin was still lying there. No, nothing that I ever placed as a bait disappeared. The depredations were confined to such objects as I hadn't been thinking about until I wanted them.

I hesitated, as I have said, to tell my landlord; so I now determined to consult Scotland yard, for, during the sleepless nights, which as the London season waned grew longer, the subject assumed far greater importance than it did in the day. It became an intolerable nightmare, and I would sometimes get out of bed and search for any object I might suddenly remember I had not seen for a long while. Sometimes I found it, sometimes I did not; sometimes I never set eyes on it again—it was clean gone. Indeed, at last, it was in this way, and at these untimely hours, that I discovered most of my losses. Thus, what with them and my sleeplessness, I grew quite dejected; but I entirely refused to think of myself ill. It absolutely never occurred to me; so I walked down to Scotland yard and confided my troubles to an inspector in what is now called the "criminal investigation department." This resulted one Sunday morning in my entertaining at breakfast a certain gentleman named Bunter. An odd looking person, who had a strange propensity for peering and prying about, and appearing to take a great fancy to the house. It was just the sort of place he wished.

On this pretext I introduced him to the landlord, with a view possibly of making it worth that individual's while to hand him over the lease. In this way he managed to go all over the establishment and converse with everybody living in it—everybody except the gentleman who occupied the top story—the one person I did not know. My friend from Scotland yard was particularly inquisitive about him since he could not see him, and when I told him that his habits were irregular, coming home very late, and occasionally not going out at all for days, the official looked grave, finally winked at me and said he would call again shortly.

But he never had the occasion to do so, for it was during the night following the visit of this distinguished guest that I discovered who was the thief and arrived at the secret of the mystery.

The month was August, the nights hot and sultry, and less than ever conducive to sleep. I had nothing to do that evening, and although I turned in early it was with the usual result. The clocks had just struck 1, and I had been in bed since 11 without closing my eyes. It was the old story; I was accustomed to it. Suddenly, amid the host of perplexing and often awe inspiring thoughts whirling through one's brain under these conditions, I remembered that pocket letter case containing the two £1 Scotch bank notes. Where was it? I had not seen it for weeks. After restlessly striving to drive away the desire to get up and search for it it mastered me, and out of bed I sprang. For fully an hour I carried on the quest, but all in vain. Every conceivable and inconceivable corner, drawer and pocket was ransacked. The key of the escritoire had been mislaid, so I could not examine that; but I knew it contained little else than papers.

At length, entirely exhausted, irritated and fevered, and with the chamber candle expiring with a sputter, I flung myself on a couch in the drawing room. Dawn had not yet broken, but in a few minutes, as I lay there coiled up in my dressing gown, I unexpectedly fell asleep—a restless, dreaming sleep, full of fantastic, weirdlike, indescribable shapes.

When I awoke it was daylight, though the room was still shadowy and obscure save in one spot close to the long window, where the Venetian blind was partly raised—the window nearest that dark corner occupied by the old escritoire. The head of the couch was toward the mantelpiece, but almost facing the door from the landing on the farther side of the wall.

At the moment I opened my eyes with a feeling of relief at having just escaped some visionary peril, to my amazement I saw that door slowly open and the figure of a man stealthily entering by it. It did not make the faintest sound on its hinges, nor did he with his footstep—not so much as the creaking of a plank. The light in that part of the room was far too dim to allow of my seeing what he was like. His face was slightly averted also, and, except that the general look of the man seemed to be not altogether unfamiliar, I could not in the least tell who he was. The first impulse of course was to sit up and call out, but for some inexplicable reason I restrained it; perhaps because the thought instantly crossed my mind that here was the thief, and upon that I suppose I rapidly concluded to watch him and pretend to be still sleeping.

However this may be, I did not move as I observed him creep noiselessly across the room to the end of the mantelpiece farthest from that where I was lying. He appeared not to notice me, and after feeling with his hand for a moment between the edge of the looking glass and the wall by the mantelshelf he took something away and instantly crossed back to the window by the escritoire. He passed the little gap of light so quickly into the corner that I still failed to recognize him. Then I could dimly make out that he was apparently unlocking the lumbering old piece of furniture, though still without making the slightest sound.

"Ho, ho!" thought I, "my fine fellow, now I've caught you, have I? You have found the key and are going to exercise your calling in that direction, eh? Well, there's not much that is worth your attention there; you won't find that a profitable hunting ground!"

I was not long, you may depend, on coming to a determination. While he was still fumbling at the escretoire I rose, and, stealing softly up behind him, suddenly seized him by the back of the collar. He endeavored to writhe out of my grasp, but I turned him around so quickly that we both staggered and fell on the floor in a huddled heap together—he undermost. In the fall I struck my head severely against something, probably a projecting chair. For the moment the blow seemed to blind me, but as we had rolled over into the gap of light from the window I had caught sight of his face, turned up as it was toward mine, and I saw—whose face, think you? Why, no other than my own—yes, my very own, as I well knew it in the looking glass.

That one instant of amazement and consternation in which as by a flash I made this recognition was followed by a total oblivion of all surroundings. The face and figure seemed to fade away beneath me and to vanish with my consciousness.

How long I lay prostrate, face downward, on the floor, I know not; but in that position I found myself when my bewildered senses slowly returned. For awhile, of course, I could remember nothing—how I came there or what had brought me to such a pass. Only very slowly did the circumstances recall themselves. What on earth did they mean? My forehead was unmistakably cut and still bleeding; indeed, there is a patch of congealed blood on the carpet plainly visible in the broad flood of early sunlight now streaming beneath the half raised blind. Had I been dreaming? More than likely I had had a fit; anyhow, I was so utterly bewildered that it was some time before my thoughts became coherent. Then, alarmed and fully conscious for the first time in my life that I must be seriously ill or laboring under some mysterious mental aberration, I rose from the floor and sat down in an adjacent chair.

As my eyes wandered vacantly around they fell upon the circular top of the old escritoire. It was partially open. Some one had been at it, then; that was clear! That was no dream, no fancy—scarcely due to a fit, one would think—at least not of the sort I had tremblingly thought of. Yes, and there was the missing key in the lock. When these facts had fully broken in upon my cobwebbed brain they led to but one idea. Acting on it, I pushed the lid full open and with the rapidity of thought pulled out one drawer after another, and there in most of them were deposited a lot of the articles and objects I had so long missed—there, in this neglected, useless piece of furniture! I turned them all out in a confusion worse confounded than my thoughts. But there they were—almost every one—cigar case, silver match box, trinkets, locket and pocketpook containing the Scotch bank notes.

Then how on earth had they come to be in this place? A thief would hardly have stolen them to conceal them thus in my own apartments, unless—unless—and then, very reluctantly, slowly, and at first but vaguely, did I arrive at the conclusion—unless the thief was myself!

Verily this was an alarming supposition and confirmed my worst dread. I must be suffering under some frightful, inexplicable brain disease, for that I had done this thing I was wholly and totally unconscious.

For days and days, however, I took no action. I hesitated to breathe a word of the extraordinary affair to a soul. Who would believe it? Everybody would say I had gone out of my mind—I thought so myself. I doubted if any doctor would accept as veracious this wild account of my dread awakening to the truth. Yet, as I knew it to be the truth, I set this record of it down while it was all fresh in my memory, and eventually, being unable any longer to bear the horrible suspense and perplexity in which the strange experience had left me, I put it before a medical friend.

To my unspeakable astonishment he believed every word of it. Then, after answering his endless searching questions, and when he had listened to such verbal additions to the narrative as I could give him, he did not doubt one single point.

"Yes," he said, "among other complications you probably have been walking in your sleep, and yourself secreting the various articles from time to time. The key, to wit, of the escritoire, which you imagine to have been the object taken from behind the looking glass by the figure you fancy you saw, had been placed there by your own hand. Your brain retained some dim perception of your having done so, and the disordered condition of your nervous system accounts for that perception assuming the shape of a figure resembling yourself; and in a state of partial unconsciousness you dashed upon your imaginary burglar—your own ghost, in fact—fell and fully restored your senses to their equilibrium by that rap on your head. However, it is enough for you if I tell you that your nervous system is wholly broken down, and that if you don't take a long holiday, go into the country and for the next two or three months lead a perfectly regular, quiet life, I won't answer for the consequences. No, I shall give you but little medicine; fresh air, quiet and regularity are the only drugs you stand in need of."

His advice was followed to the letter, for I was thoroughly frightened. Thirty years have passed; I have been long married, and I have never missed a single piece of property, large or small, since that extraordinary August night.—All the Year Round.

Two Wits Meet.

"Your memory is as short as your form is lanky," sarcastically remarked a perky little barrister to a tall Yorkshireman, who was rather slow to remember a particular date.

"And the extreme length of your tongue, sir, and your tall opinion of yourself, perhaps, compensates for your legal insignificance," was the retort of the witness, taking instant vengeance.—London Tit-Bits.

NAILS THAT WHISTLED.

A JOKE THAT MADE 40,000 MEN THINK THE ENEMY WAS NEAR.

It Sprang from the Agitation of Smokeless Powder, and Price's Men Imagined That the Ingenuity of the Yankees Had Evolved Something Terrible.

"I see," said the veteran, as he twisted his feet up on the veranda railing and gazed lazily at the sunset, "that they are making whole lots of talking in the newspapers nowadays about smokeless and noiseless powder. Why, we were talking about the same thing when I was in Price's army.

"You know we were away down in the brush in southwest Missouri, where we were all cut off from the world and couldn't get any news from the outside. Well, the story got started somehow that the Yankees had invented a new powder—a kind that burned with no smoke, no flash and no noise. Pretty soon they were talking about it in every regiment, worrying over the thing, and reviving the devilish ingenuity of the Yankee. There was nothing to talk about, and you know how it is in a big body of idle men.

"There was one fellow that took great stock in the noiseless powder story. It bothered him all the time. This was Bill Oliver, of Colonel Winston's Second Missouri. Bill came from up here at Platte City. He was a blacksmith, a strapping great big fellow, strong as a horse. He weighed, I reckon, 200 pounds.

"One black night Bill was put out in the brush on picket duty. Now, he was just as gritty a fighter as you ever saw in line with a man on either side of him, but I tell you, my boy, set a man out in a dark thicket all alone and the enemy known to be near and supposed to be everywhere, it takes all the starch out of the best of them.

WHISTLING NAILS.

"So Bill was trembly and shaky and saw Yankee sharpshooters everywhere.

"Now, in the same regiment they had a daredevil, harum scarum fool—Reub Hill. This Reub Hill was the kind of a specimen every regiment has—a pestiferous practical joker—a nuisance that everybody liked. Here was a rich chance for one of Reuben's little jokes. Soon as Bill had got settled at his post Reuben loaded his pocket with a dozen or so big wrought iron nails, and out through the dark he circled to get in front of the pickets. He hid in a sassafras brush about a hundred feet from the big blacksmith and looked out.

"There was Bill tiptoeing up and down his beat like an elephant on a rickety bridge, dodging and whirling every time a grasshopper chirped or a horse back in the camp snorted. He was getting badly scared. Reuben picked up a right ragged nail and flung it just as hard as he could jerk.

"You know what a vicious screeching a nail makes when you throw it that way? No minie ball ever sounded wickeder. It goes:

"'Whi-u-u-u-u!'

"Poor Bill's heart stopped with a big thump like a sledgehammer, and Reuben, away off in the thicket, heard him catch his breath as if some one had dropped a bucket of ice water on him. His big bulk dropped in the weeds like a sack of sand, and for about a minute there was not the sound of a breath. Then the big picket muttered shakily: 'Sho, I'm gittin skeery as a woman with thinkin of them Yanks an their new fangled powder.' And he got up and began warily to walk his beat.

"Reuben let go another of his nails, and a third just as quick as he could throw. They went whirring bloodthirstily toward William, and one of them ripped through the leaves over his head, spattering twigs and bits of leaf all about.

AN ARMY IN READINESS.

"There was no doubt about it this time, and big Bill, as he let his musket off wildly in the air, charged for camp, sputtering, puffing, yelling, tearing up weeds and sod and bolting into trees. His trail looked like the track of a young cyclone. Into the camp he plunged, over men and tents, musket stacks and cook trenches. It is an actual fact that he ran over a little foraging pony that was tied to a tree and couldn't get out of the way, knocked the poor beast down and crippled it for a week. His headway was terrific. He finally brought up full tilt against a tough little hickory sapling, which he ran down like a moose, landing up in the leafy top with his hands clawing at the boughs.

"He waked every man in the regiment. Down the line went shouts and bugle calls. Within ten minutes every one of Price's 40,000 men was in line of battle, staring into the darkness for the enemy's advance guard, listening for the purr of their silently fired bullets.

"Of course, the enemy did not come, but the men lay on their arms all night.

"Reuben was too tickled over the way Bill tore through the brush to keep quiet. Next day every man in the army had the story. But it did not take well with the officers. A corporal's guard came after Reuben and put irons on him, and his little joke was ponderously considered by a court martial. That afternoon came news of the enemy in deadly earnest, and Price set out on one of his long, forced marches. Reuben went along. He took with him by especial request of the court martial a full sized black oak fence rail, soggy with sap. He was charged carefully not to lose that rail for three days.

"'The first day,' said the disconsolate joker after it was all done, 'that rail felt pretty heavy, just like an ordinary rail. Next day it felt like a whole tree, but, my! on the last day I thought I was carrying all the woods.'

"It is still an open question among the boys of Winston's regiment whether the joke was on William or Reuben."—Kansas City Times.

Something New at the Circus.

Jinks—Been to the circus, eh? See anything new?

Blinks—Yes. The children who laughed at the clowns were new.—Good News.

A Desert Wonderland.

The bed of the Colorado desert today may well afford a study to the seeker after marvels as well as to the geologist. It is a desert wonderland. Imagine a plain of clay, monotonously level, relieved here and there by hills of sand built in beautifully wavelike outlines. These hills are not stationary; they travel constantly, though slowly, journeying over the plain as the winds direct. The sand of which they are composed is not like ordinary sand at all, but of a nature marvelous. Most of the grains are transparent, others are translucent, while many are of rainbow hues, being in fact small gems of red carnelian, green chrysolite and varicolored garnet.

Looked upon beneath a microscope they are most interesting. A majority of them are perfect spheres, rounded and polished by attrition with each other. When mixed with a familiar acid they effervesce like seidlitz powders. Composed of these strangely wrought materials, the sandhills look like great snowdrifts, with here and there a gleam of color. Continually they give forth a rustling sound as the tiny spheres are shifted by the winds, slowly rolling onward.—Washington Star.

How Some Insects Sing.

The Greeks shut the cicadas in cages so as to be sung to by them in their sleep. The Greeks were at odds concerning the nature of the singing apparatus, and the controversy among naturalists on the subject lasted till very recently. The zoologist, H. Landois, who investigated the difficult subject of animal sounds with ceaseless industry and great skill, was able to give a satisfactory solution to the question. According to his research, the case is one in which the sound is really made by air circulating through passages in the interior of the body.

Every insect's body is penetrated by a system of breathing tubes or trachea which open at places on the surface. The openings are called stigmata. This system of breathing tubes, through which the air is inspired and expired, takes the place of the lung of the higher animals. Landois discovered them in very obscure parts of the cicada, and found that they form a kind of windpipe representing the actual tone factory of the animals.—R. Francheschini in Popular Science Monthly.

Conscientious.

Rose is an odd little girl, very conscientious, considering that she is only four years old. The other day she came to her mother with a half penitent, half triumphant look on her face.

"What is the matter, dear?" said her mother.

"Well," she said, "I told you I would tell you in three days, and I'm going to tell you now."

"Tell me what?"

"Oh, that I ate the green apples. You see, it was this way: I ate three green apples last Tuesday! After I'd eaten them I begun to think that I'd be awful sick, but I didn't come and tell you about it; I just went up to my room and told God. 'Oh, God!' I said, 'If you will keep me from being sick with these green apples, in three days I'll tell my mamma all about it!' So I didn't get sick at all, and now I've told you."

This was certainly a remarkable case of faith cure—or else a very good infantile digestion.—Boston Transcript.

Saphir's Wit.

A very poor actor, having played the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" for many years, Saphir, the German wit, on seeing him, said: "It would be a good thing if this man gave up the ghost, so that somebody else could take his part." A young poet once sent the humorist an "Ode to Immortality," requesting his opinion of it. Saphir returned the manuscript, with the message, "This package will never reach its address." "Three persons," remarked the wit, "sleep soundly—a child, a corpse and a night watchman." During his sojourn in Berlin, Saphir was frequently in the society of a well known theatrical manager, whose dullness was notorious. "How strange it is that my legs go to sleep every day!" he remarked upon one occasion. "How can you wonder?" returned Saphir; "they are always in your company."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Scare in the Museum.

For about ten minutes a ghost was supposed to have taken charge of a Boston dime museum. The sweeper, preparing to clean the main room, placed Mr. Bass, the ossified man, in a corner, and that bony gentleman leaned lazily in the angle. The sweeper hurried with his work, and passed to the next room, leaving nobody in sight but the mechanic, who was fixing the electric lights. The silence of the grave was broken by a sepulchral voice, which came from the ossified man, uttering these words, "I want my breakfast!" The mechanic fell from the ladder and crawled hastily out of sight. In the next room, with hair standing erect, he exclaimed: "Don't go in there! One of the wax figures is talkin."—Yankee Blade.

A New Fuel from Waste Paper.

The waste of a paper and pulp mill, near West Troy, is being utilized as the basis of a new fuel, which is said to be of much value. The waste as it comes from the mills is nearly pure carbon, and by cleansing and chemical treatment it is converted into a form that permits of nearly perfect combustion. It is said to burn rapidly, with intense heat and with little of the unpleasant features attendant upon the use of bituminous coal.—New York Telegram.

Ready to Assist.

The popular idea of the labor which goes to the making of books is often an amusing one. A literary woman who had urged as a reason for shortening her call on a dear old lady the fact that she had some work to do when she got home was confronted with the question:

"Don't you want a sheet of paper and a pencil right now?"

"What for?" was her astonished query.

"Why, to write something!"—Exchange.

THEY DONNED SERVANTS' CAPS.

Two Pretty Daughters of a Well Known Literary Man Help Their Father.

A well known literary man who had been the recipient of not a little attention during a brief stay in London, received not long ago a letter from one of his English friends announcing his arrival in America and proposing himself for a visit of a few hours, including one night. Although delighted at the prospect of seeing a man whom he much admired, Mr. L—— was greatly puzzled in regard to the entertainment and accommodation of his visitor, as their modest household boasted of only one servant, and he wished to ask a few friends to meet the distinguished author at dinner.

His eldest daughters laughingly took matters in their own hands, telling him to invite the guests and they would "guarantee satisfaction." The shy recluse, having unbounded faith in his womankind, did as he was bidden, invited half a dozen choice spirits to his little country house and retired to his den and his books with perfect equanimity.

"We make only one stipulation, papa," said the girl, "and that is that Meta (the third daughter) shall be the only one ready to receive your grand English friend, and that you will not mention the rest of us." Mr. L—— readily agreed to everything, and, absorbed in his beloved books, was quite oblivious to all arrangements until Meta, looking as pretty as a picture, in the freshest of ginghams, announced that she was ready to drive him to the station to meet the honored guest. On their return with the stranger the door was opened by a tidy looking maid in the neatest of caps and aprons, at whom the old gentleman hardly glanced as he ushered his guest into the house, merely thinking that his daughters had picked up a rather nice looking girl.

The modest little guest room was most attractive with fresh muslin and bunches of roses, and fairly luxurious with ample and comfortable washing arrangements and abundant drapery. The neat looking maid brought a can of hot water to the door and announced the dinner hour. "How delightful all this republican simplicity is, and how comfortable!" murmured the traveler to himself. "It is just as I imagined L—— would live, and what a pretty girl his daughter is!"

A gentle knock hurried his toilet. "Dinner is served, sir," said a sweet voice, and he followed the attractive looking Abigail to the little drawing room, where his host introduced him to the half dozen clever men who had been assembled in his honor. An involuntary exclamation of delight escaped the lips of the convives as they entered the dining room at the exquisite arrangement of the table. The center was completely covered with soft, green moss, out of which grew quantities of tiny woodland flowers. Blocks of sparkling ice held flasks of Rhenish wine in their hollowed out centers, and candles screened with rose colored shades gave a charming and sufficient light. The attractive hostess in the simplest of white gowns presided with pretty dignity, and two deft maids, dressed alike with dainty freshness, served the well cooked dinner.

The entertainment was altogether a decided social success, and the Englishman was profuse in his expressions of delight. The next morning he took his departure, being driven to the station by Meta, neatly attired in cheviots and serge. His astonishment would have been great could he have beheld the scene that followed, when the demure maid servants danced around the old gentleman with their caps borne aloft on the end of broomsticks in triumph.

"You wicked hussies," said their father, trying in vain to look angry, but failing signally. "How could you play me such a trick! I never recognized you until dinner was announced, and then it was too late to do anything but submit."

"But we wanted the whole thing to be a success," pleaded the quondam servants, "and it was impossible to arrange it otherwise."

"Well, I forgive you," said their parent, laughing in spite of himself. "But mind, I shall never allow such a performance again."—New York Tribune.

Ask About the Well.

"In selecting a boarding place in a village or on a farm where water is not brought from a common supplying source," says a physician, "try to get a place where a driven rather than a sunken well is used. The latter in times of frequent and abundant rain is apt to get some surface drainage; the former never, if driven deep enough, as its bore goes down through several strata of filters—clay, gravel, sand—getting its water finally from a source that cannot be surface polluted. People have only to show a little interest and intelligence about these things to secure them. Anybody who wants to take boarders should be alert on the question of sanitation at least and inquiry ought to amount to suggestion."—New York Times.

The Editor's Dilemma.

Once upon a time an editor fell into a pit and one of his would be contributors came along and offered to help him out.

"I will accept your assistance," said the editor.

"Thank heaven," said the contributor, "I have at last found something you are willing to accept!"

"Hold on!" shrieked the editor. "Will you try to sell me that joke when I get out?"

"Yes," said the contributor.

"Then leave me to my fate."—Harper's Bazar.

Patient Waiting No Loss.

Mrs. Acres—There's a boy up in that apple tree.

Farmer Acres—Wall, ef I start fer him he'll wait till I've clum 'bout half way up th' tree after him, an then he'll drop down an run away. Could never catch him in the world. I'll wait.

"What fer?"

"I'll wait till he's eat a few apples."

"What good 'll that do?"

"They'll double him up so he can't run."—Good News.

THE PLOWMAN.

When the tired plowman his plowstock leaves
In the growing corn, as the sun goes down,
And the sky is as rich as a gleaner's sheaves
In flowers of crimson and purple and brown.
I will wait in the rare and wondrous eaves
And watch, as the loom of the sunset weaves
Its fabric of gold over country and town.

And I think of the springs that have come and gone
Since we saw the shuttle across the blue
That wrought in colors of dusk and dawn,
When the musk of the sleeping roses flew
On the breath of the south wind over the lawn,
And the evening shadows were longer drawn,
And the sun was low, and the stars were few.

And youth was fair in the lives we led,
Its memories linger in this latter Spring,
And live in the flowers, the books we read,
The kiss she gave me in the grapev'ne swing,
In words and works, to be filled and fed
On the wasted honey and wasted bread,
And sung in the songs she used to sing.

Though the lily and rose have lost their leaves
In the ashes of Summers of long ago,
They come, through the rare and wondrous eves,
In the crop of love we used to sow,
As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves
When the tired plowman his labor leaves
In the fragrant corn, and the sun is low.
—Mark A. Candler in Atlanta Constitution.

Russomania in France.

The Russian rastaquoueres, pseudo-nobles, pseudo-diplomats, and officers open to suspicion meet with a childishly enthusiastic reception at the hands of Jacques Bonhomme, and find associates among many honest people, mingled with adventurers. Thus they succeeded in founding Franco-Russian theat s, Franco-Russian newspapers, all of them equivocal enterprises of which the simpletons become the inevitable victims. The public of republican Paris applauds pieces in honor of the Czar, manifest enthusiasm on behalf of Holy Russia, and gives way to a sort of pious imbecility as regards everything that is closely or remotely connected with the alliance.

Thus the French nation, in its own estimation the wittiest in the world, has condescended to delight in idiotic tirades or babyish anecdotes like the following. During the exhibition of 1889, when it became almost impossible to get a cab, a gentleman stopped the jehu of one of these vehicles, saying:

"Coachman, will you drive me to the exhibition?"

"No: my horse is tired."

"Coachman, I will give you ten francs."

"No."

"Twenty francs."

"No."

"A hundred francs."

"No."

"Coachman, I am a Russian."

"Ah! in this case all right. Jump in, sir. Hue! Cocotte, et vive le czar!"—J. H. Rosny in Harper's.

Peculiar Chinese Varnish.

The British consul at Hankow, in his report, mentions that the varnish exported from that port is the gum of the rhus vernicifera. On this tree before daylight incisions are made; the gum that runs out is collected in the dark and strained through a cotton cloth bag, leaving behind a large amount of dirt and refuse.

This operation can only be performed in the dark, as light spoils the gum and causes it to cake, with all the dirt in it. It cannot be strained in wet weather, as moisture causes it to solidify. When the Chinese use the varnish they rub it on with a sort of mop made of soft waste silk. It should also be used in wet weather, as, if the atmosphere is dry when it is rubbed on it will always be sticky. As used by the Chinese it takes about a month to dry. During the time it is drying it is poisonous to the eyes.—London Times.

A Man Who Tried to Be a Giant.

John Laws Milton, an English writer and author, states that in his youthful days he wanted to be a giant, "and several times thought he had discovered an infallible method of attaining the object of his ambition, such as overfeeding, stretching by dint of violent jerks from beams, etc., to the great amazement of his relatives and friends." Mr. Milton may well congratulate himself that he did not succeed, as giants are seldom bright in intellect, rarely in good health and universally shortlived. Rapid decay seems to naturally follow rapid and excessive development.—New York Times.

The Talipot Palm of Ceylon.

The talipot palm of Ceylon has gigantic fanlike leaves, which when fully expanded form a nearly complete circle thirteen feet in diameter. Large fans made of them are carried before people of rank among the Cinghalese; they are also commonly used as umbrellas, and tents are made by neatly joining them together. They are used as a substitute for paper, being written upon with a stylus. Some of the sacred books of the Cinghalese are composed of strips of them.—Washington Star.

Among the tribes of Asia, besides those used for food, one variety of mushroom is utilized in making snuff and another for producing intoxication, one mushroom making a man drunk for a whole day. The same specimen is also converted into a "fly killer" for European use.

In the hippopotamus the eyes, ears and nostrils are set exactly on the same plane. This enables the animal to sink its body entirely below the surface of the water and yet be able to perceive the approach of foes by hearing, sight and scent.

The Mexican government has been experimenting with a new machine for manufacturing ramie. The machine made one and a quarter tons per day and the expense of cleaning the fiber was only 4 7-10 cents per pound.

The Forth bridge was built between 1881 and 1890, and during that interval nine other cantilever bridges were constructed, six of them in the United States.

It is suggested that the cat knows by happy experience what the "lap of luxury" means when she steals into the pantry and lies the cream off the milk

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday a 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 155 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2936 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 26th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kaiser lage, pastor. Residence, 256 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and S Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 255 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 353 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 82 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Oegood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—364 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 883 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 488 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brasken, F S; Dr G O Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEnsany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daisdel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Ferrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 9th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O'Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W C Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 2 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 263 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Rare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Talman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; R Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J E Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Foshan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Mosier, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 228 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 234 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5894 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44—Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 9617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesfy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Farrow, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1056 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin. Sec.; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doino, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meet the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., P. D. Kirby, Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2868 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Loch st. and Archer av,

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Frendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 367 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Lot us, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeoeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J F Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P., M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 49 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1066 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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LATEST IRISH DEATHS

CONRY—July 25, at Ballycahir, county Roscommon, Mary, wife of Edward Conry, aged 33 years.

MCCANN—Aug. 6, at the Hospice for the Dying, Haroldscross, John McCann, aged 64 years, late of Rathmines.

MCHUGH—Aug 7, at military barracks, Fethard, Clonmel, William McHugh, late of Commissariat Department, Athlone.

MARTIN—At Trades' hall, Capel street, Dublin, John Martin.

O'CONOR—Aug. 7, at No. 167 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, Thomas Emilius, son of the late Patrick O'Conor.

CARROLL—Aug. 6, at No. 16 Winetavern street, Dublin, Christopher Carroll.

SLATTERY—Accidentally drowned on his passage to St. Petersburg, Hugh, eldest son of John and Emily Slattery, Ringsend, aged 22 years.

WILSON—At No 14 Hollies row, off Lower Mount street, Dublin, William Wilson, aged 46 years.

CALLAGHAN—Aug. 11, at Stevens' Hospital, Dublin, — Callaghan.

MURPHY—Aug. 11, at Rosemount, Ferns, John Murphy, J. P., coroner for North Wexford, aged 64 years.

BROPHY—Aug. 8, at No. 13 Royal row, Ormond Market Dublin, Margaret, wife of Richard Brophy.

CULLEN—Aug. 8, at Irish street, Dungannon, Anne, relict of the late Maurice Cullen, aged 71 years.

NULTY—Aug. 9, at No. 63 Upper Dorset st, Dublin, Mary Bridget Nulty, wife of Nicholas Nulty.

RUBIE—Aug. 9, at Cherry cottage, Westport, John Philip Rubie aged 53 years.

DORIS—At No. 25 Euston street, Belfast, Matthew Doris, third son of Arthur Doris.

DUNNE—Aug. 12, at No 5 Duke street, Drogheda, Anna Barbara, youngest daughter of Thomas Dunne aged 23 years.

O'NEILL—Aug 12 at Raheen, county Wexford, Annie, daughter of Moses and Bridget O'Neill.

OWENS—Aug. 11, at No. 25 Sandwith place, Dublin, Jeremiah Owens, late of Fassaroe, Bray, county Wicklow.

SALMOND—Aug. 11, Richard Arthur Salmond, late Royal Artillery, fourth surviving son of the late James Salmond, of Waterfoot, Cumberland, aged 44 years.

BOHAN—Aug. 5, at Youghal, Patrick Bohan, Tobernea, Kilmallock, county Limerick, aged 57 years.

SHIELL—Aug. 8, at Kingstown, county Dublin, Georgiana Rebecca, widow of the William Shiell, M.D., Clonmel, aged 83 years.

MCCARTHY—Aug 8, at Fair Lane, Cork, Ann Maria McCarthy.

SCOTT—Aug. 8, at No. 7 Sydney place, Cork, Robert Scott, aged 80 years.

BROPHY—Aug. 14, at No. 19 Belvidere road, Dublin, Jenny, youngest daughter of the late Patrick J. Brophy, aged 16 years.

CUMMINS—At Drogheda Lodge, Upper Finglas, Bridget, youngest daughter of the late Patrick and Bridget Cummins, aged 23 years.

DEVLIN—Aug. 14, at Cookstown, James Devlin, J.P.

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An Army of Ants.

Silently, deadly and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down, into, across and up the ditch, through the boma (wood stockade), across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarmed. The first notice (they generally came at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men, "Look out! Slain!" There would be no more sleep that night.

After experience gained we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square and build rings of fire around us. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body unless the garments had been first thoroughly smoked over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The walls of the huts, the roofs and floor were simply one seething mass of struggling ants.

They were after the cockroaches, mice and insects that had taken up their abode in the roots. Now and then squeaks of young mice told their story. As fast as the ants found their load, generally a cockroach, they would make off down the hill in long lines. Luckily they never touched our granaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Toward morning there would only be a few thousand lost ones, aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped.

Usually these raids on us were made after a rainstorm; many of them came into the fort already staggering under loads; these appeared to wander about till the others were ready. Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so that the ants did us a service in ridding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days.—Nineteenth Century.

The "Lightning Arrester."

To the uninitiated it is a great puzzle how the dangers of lightning are arrested where there are so many conductors of electricity as there are in a telegraph office. More than 2,000 wires enter the big Western Union building in New York city, and from one to a thousand in other offices of that company throughout the United States. Each of these wires run more or less directly to the desks of the operators. This being the case, how do they guard against danger from lightning during times of great electrical disturbances? Even when less electric attractions are wanting most people confess to a certain feeling of insecurity when the elements rage and wake up terrifying flashes of forked fury. But science has provided an answer to the question asked above, as well as to almost all other puzzles which stand in the way of human progress.

Every wire as it enters a building passes through the bottom of a long, narrow board, and then again through it at the top. This board is the "lightning arrester." If the current is heavy the first effect of the board is to deprive it of much of its force. Should the first contact with the "arrester" fail to eliminate the lightning of its fatal powers it passes on to the top of the board and touches a spring which communicates with a "drop," instantly shutting off all connection with the operating room. The spring is called the "plush magnet," and beyond it no overcharge of lightning, whether proceeding from a storm or from contact with other wires, can possibly go.—St. Louis Republic.

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The fountain on the Clark street side of the county building was the scene of a very funny incident the other afternoon. Two dogs, water spaniels, were trotting north when they came to this place and stopped for a drink. They were both thirsty, but neither was tall enough to reach the trough, and they talked the matter over as dogs will, and wondered why they had not been treated with as much consideration as had the horses. Presently they solved the problem.

One of them ranged himself under the edge of the trough, and the other, resting his fore feet upon his companion's back, was able to reach into the pool and slake his thirst. When he had finished he hopped down, seemed to say the water was good, and then in turn ranged himself under the edge of the fountain and the other reached up for the drink he had earned. When he was satisfied they trotted away together, as well contented as any man could be who had met a problem and vanquished it.—Chicago Herald.

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MANAGER,

Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County, September Term, 1891. To Timothy Foley and to All Whom It May Concern:

Take notice that Kate Foley has filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of herself or some other fit and proper person as conservator of said Timothy Foley, an insane person and the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the September Term, A. D. 1891, on Monday, the 21st day of September A. D. 1891, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Chicago, September 1, 1891.

ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for petitioner.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

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McENERNY BROS., 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF ANDREW WALSH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Walsh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 6, 1891.

CHRISTOPHER KELLY, MICHAEL MCENERNY, Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.

James McEnerny, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 67 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.

David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

WINIFRED SHEA, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891

JANE M. WHELAN, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

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EDWARD J. MCARDLE ATTORNEY, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. MARY FITZSIMMONS, Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.

E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Johanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. KATIE SHEEHAN, Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.

E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

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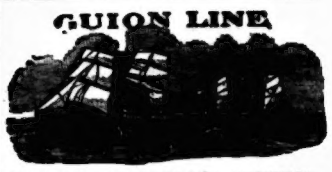

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